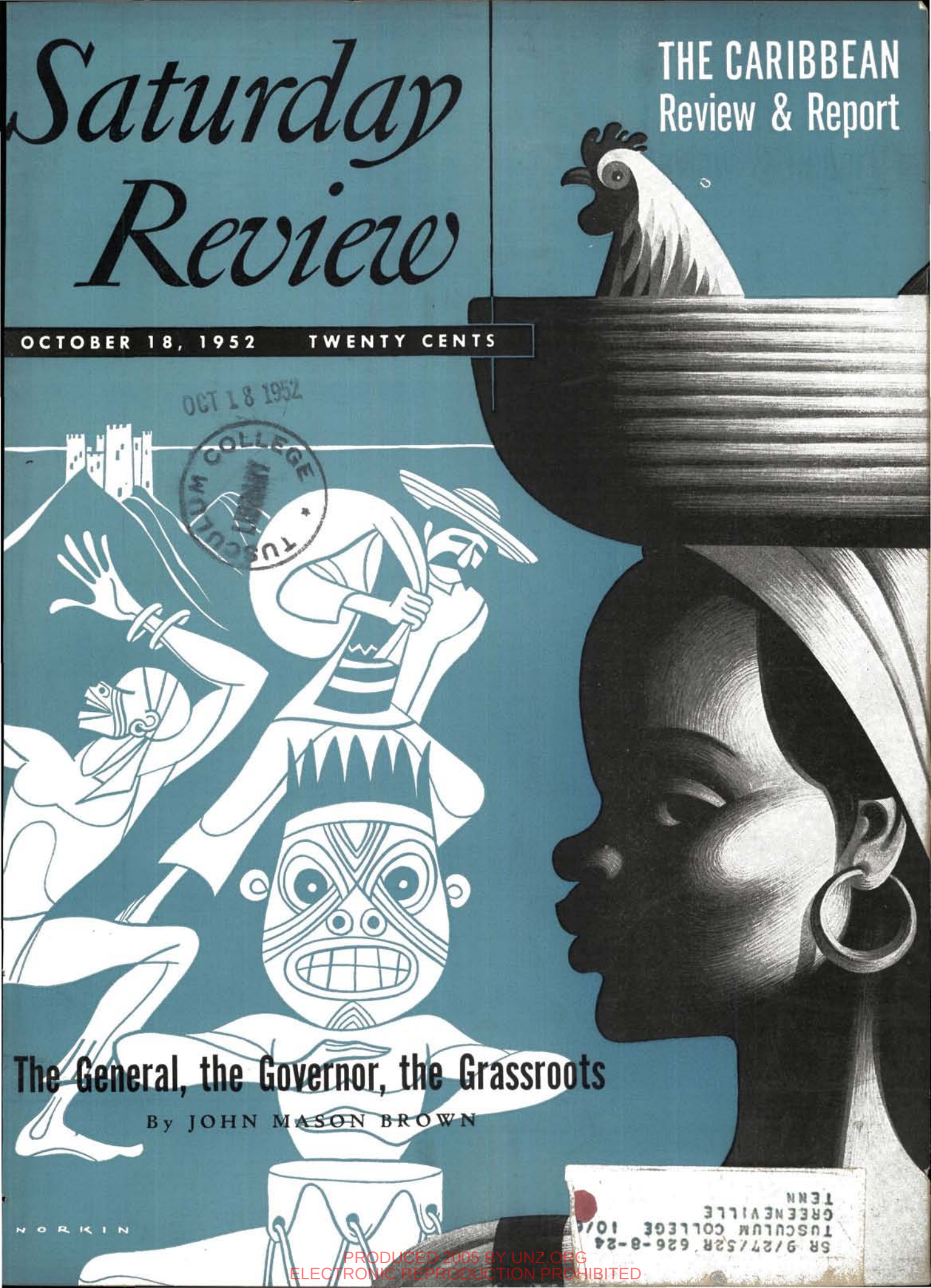
# Saturday Review

THE CARIBBEAN
Review & Report

OCTOBER 18, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

OCT 18 1952
TUSCULUM COLLEGE



## The General, the Governor, the Grassroots

By JOHN MASON BROWN

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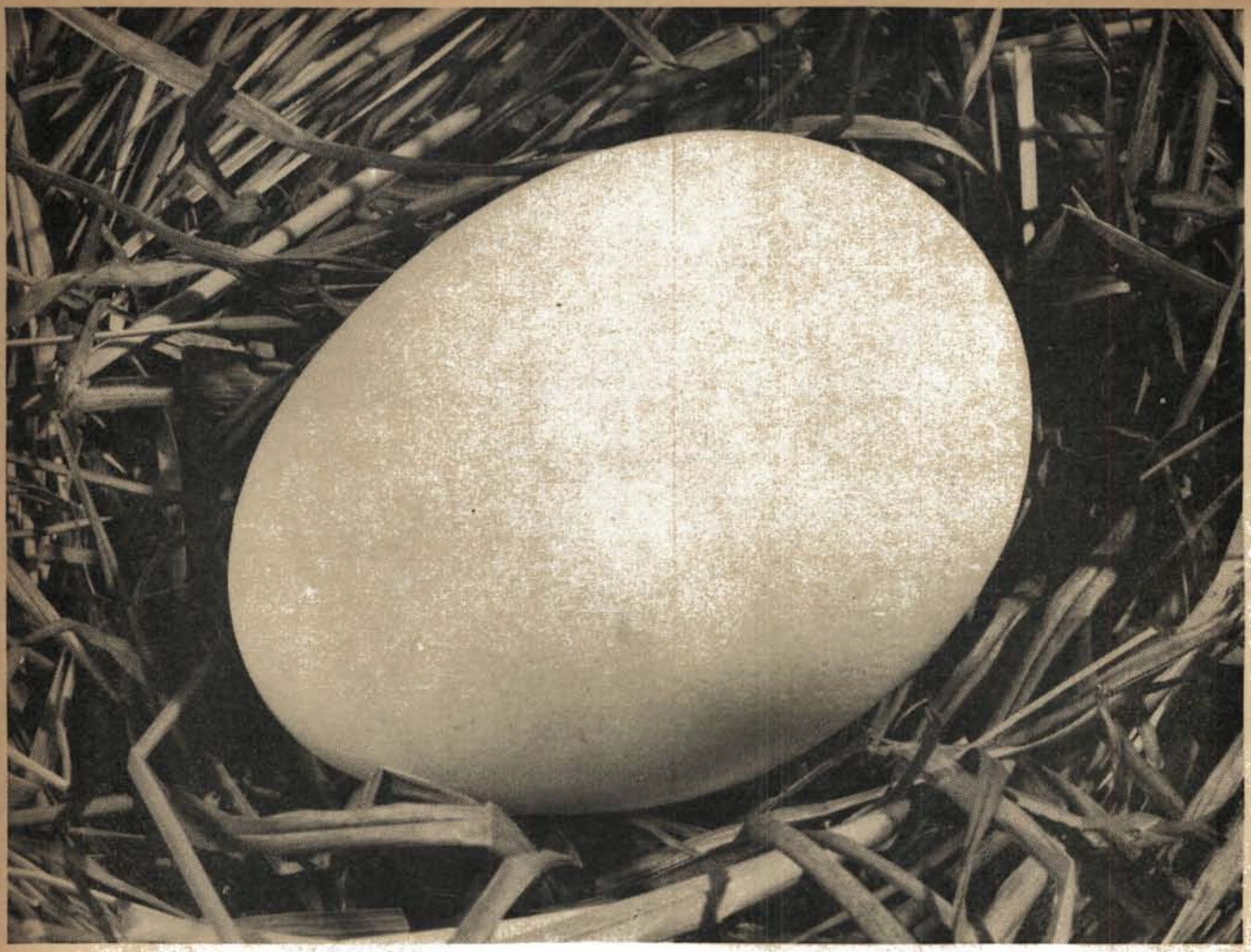

# The egg and us

**Which end** of the egg is laid first—the broad or small end? This question came up in connection with World Book Encyclopedia's article on "Egg." The author thought it was the *small* end. A poultry journal favored the *broad* end.

**Differences were resolved** by the U. S. Department of Agriculture Bureau of Statistics which pointed out that actual records show it is sometimes one and sometimes the other, but mostly the *small!* Says World Book, "Usually eggs are laid small end first." A small point, perhaps... but to World Book, even the minutest detail is important enough to be presented accurately.

**This careful checking** and double-checking is standard procedure with World Book. Contributors are chosen with utmost care—each must be an authority in his field. With his article, each submits a list of sources.

**All factual statements,** statistics, dates, and names of persons and places are checked against original sources by World Book's research editors. Unusually startling statements receive the same stern editorial scrutiny.

**Factual accuracy** is one important reason why World Book through the years has continued to be first choice of America's schools and libraries.

## WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

*Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division* *35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois*

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# *Gentry asks . . . Is a man just 1/2,000,000,000th of the earth's population?*

We believe people want and will respond to positive ideas brought to them in language they can understand . . . ideas brought to them in such a way that they can apply them to their own immediate situation. In magazines these days there is much beguiling and soporific escape material, or "interesting" factual information of a miscellaneous sort. This may, in a sense, be justified as a way to fill up the reader's time, to keep him from thinking about uncomfortable things. This may be enough, temporarily, to satisfy a large segment of society which feels this way in common; but it cannot work for very long. More and more people are now busy questioning what *are* the real values in their lives.

## *A Man is not Just 1/2,000,000,000th of the Earth's Population*

And as the number of such inquiring people grows, there is needed a magazine whose main function is the collecting of as much wisdom as possible on the real values of the individual; *to show that, after all, a man is not just 1/2,000,000,000th of the earth's human population.*

As well as restoring faith in and raising morale about the real values of the individual taken by himself, people need also to know the common ground which links them with all other individuals. To these two poles—the individual, and how he fits into the rest of humanity—just about everything which actually affects a person can be related in some significant way.

**WHY** be informed about a lot of theories on art, unless one understands what a study of art can really do for one's self?

**WHY** have a lot of scientific facts, unless one can apply them externally or internally toward modifying the conditions of outside life, or understanding the conditions of one's interior life?

**WHY** have hobbies like bird-watching or plant collecting unless one comes to the realization that each component of a larger organism behaves always in the same way and that one can recognize the whole from any part, once he has observed and realized the whole?

**WHY** have any knowledge unless the reader can come upon it in some form which makes sense to his level of understanding, and shows him at what point he can apply it to his own situation?

IN other words, you can have an article on anything in the universe, but unless a person really feels that you are talking about *his* universe, and that the subject of the article matters to *him* . . . here and now . . . it remains external and pointless.

*All this now brings us to the main point:* Gentry is becoming known to a growing number of readers as the place where one can find fascinating, useful, universal and *living* articles. In an era when great newspapers and most mass circulation magazines are trying to mold the reader's mind and mores to what *they* think is the perfect norm, Gentry is growing gradually into a Mecca for people who really want to *think* and *feel* and enjoy living in the fullest possible way. . . . If you ask *why* . . . consider the following:

## *Every man Is Actually Three Men*

(1) Some magazines give you facts, but Gentry gives facts which matter to you.

(2) Some magazines try to keep you what you are. Gentry tries to show you what you could be.

(3) Some magazines would like you to accept their point of view. Gentry tries to help you think for yourself.

(4) There is always something in all true scientific discovery, no matter how remote it may seem, of immediate concern to every human. When Gentry has a scientific article it always strives to make this relationship clear.

(5) Is there a common denominator to Art? Artistic symbols differ in every age, but what Art does to the Artist and to the lover of Art is the same in every age. It is a subtle experience which generates a definite psychological energy in the individual concerned. Gentry in its pages brings before you the material for many such subtle experiences. From here, you are on your own.

(6) Every man has really three men inside him—a *thinking* man, an *emotional* man and a *physical* man. Gentry has something for each of them. Each issue has something worth cogitating about, not alone in the fields of art and philosophy, but in the fields of sport and fashion . . . in the field of *living*.

(7) Whatever Gentry does, it tries to relate it to you. And Gentry chooses subjects because they *matter*, not because they are popular.

(8) If you want a few minutes of light reading, don't buy Gentry. There are lots of cheaper magazines designed to give you just that. Those who read Gentry should be prepared to think and to spend some time over each article, for while each article is chock-full of interest on the surface, it also has hidden depths worth exploring, and many hints of other related matters that are worth studying.

(9) Many of Gentry's articles in any one issue are designed to relate to one another, so that each reinforces the values of the others. To do this requires much time, careful selection, research and quality presentation. That is why Gentry is a quarterly rather than a monthly.

(10) Each issue of Gentry costs a lot. It costs you a lot and it costs us a lot. Compared with other magazines, it may seem expensive. But it cannot be compared with other magazines. Gentry does what no other magazine tries to do: It gives you articles of *permanent* value which you will want to read over again from time to time, and to keep in your home. Gentry's rich format makes it really a collector's book; if it were bound as books are usually bound, Gentry would cost five or six dollars per issue.

Naturally, Gentry does not exemplify all of these things fully as yet. But they are goals, and this advertisement is intended just as much to suggest goals as to present facts. But Gentry has shown, and will as long as it exists unceasingly attempt to show, the significance and value to the individual of anything it touches. Perhaps that is why, after a year of publishing, as we look at our subscription list, we find the names of many of the great men, the leaders in every branch of activity in America . . . why Gentry, in the opinion of many, many thousands of subscribers, is a magazine such as has not existed anywhere before . . . why Gentry has not only survived its first full year of publishing but has accumulated an audience of astonishing power and influence.

*Perhaps you would like to see for yourself?* You can get your first taste of Gentry by filling in the coupon and sending your check along with it. If you wish, we will try to start your subscription with Gentry's Fall Number* in the event this issue is still available when we hear from you. If the Fall Number is not available, we can start your subscription with Gentry's magnificent Holiday Number which is in preparation. For your own or gift subscriptions for your friends we ask that you use the accompanying order form.

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*It is difficult in words to give you an adequate picture of Gentry, which is repeatedly referred to as the world's most fabulous magazine; but the Fall number, for example, contains besides art tip-ons and actual reference samples of leather, fabrics, etc., a cellophane package of six individual reproductions of old hand-colored steel engravings of famous colleges printed on rich mat paper and suitable for framing. The Christmas Number is replete with surprises and inserts designed to make it surpass any of the numbers we have so far produced. But see it for yourself.



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## Good News

▶ The first Universal Copyright Convention has been adopted by representatives from thirty-five countries meeting in Geneva. Several other nations plan to add their signatures during the next few months. The new convention, five years in preparation and sponsored by UNESCO, will take effect after twelve countries have ratified it. It marks the beginning of a new era in which writers, painters, musicians, sculptors, and scientists will receive the same copyright protection in other countries as in their own.

▶ In Wateringen, Holland, the town councilors were ready to go home after a late session recently when three fourteen-year-old boys burst into the city hall and said they had been in trouble with the police for organizing cycling races in the streets. The council immediately reconvened and authorized use of a plot of municipal land for the boys to build their own speedway track.

▶ Every Canadian Government contract will, from January 1, 1953, contain a clause prohibiting discrimination by a contractor in the employment of labor in respect of race, national origin, color, or religion. This anti-discrimination clause will cover all contracts made by the Government for building, repair, or demolition of public buildings and for the manufacture of supplies.

▶ The first volume of a definitive catalogue of the library of Thomas Jefferson has been published by the Library of Congress. The catalogue will be in five volumes and will, when completed, give scholars an opportunity to map the bounds of Jefferson's vast knowledge and explore the sources that gave body and stimulus to his thought. The first volume of the catalogue can be obtained from the Government Printing Office at $5 a copy.

▶ To help Americans get an understanding of Australia, the women's group of the Australian-American Association in Melbourne has assembled six collections of selected books on Australia for presentation to libraries in the Midwest states, including Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. The collections each consist of more than thirty books dealing with a wide variety of subjects—aboriginal art and legends, scenery, the Barrier Reef, the Flying Doctor, wild flowers, animals, birds, reptiles, history, art, and general information.

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# The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 18, 1952

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## SR/IDEAS


THE GENERAL, THE GOVERNOR, THE GRASSROOTS, by John Mason Brown.....10
GEORGE SANTAYANA: AN EDITORIAL, by Irwin Edman.....22
CARIBBEAN CLOSE-UP.....44


## SR/BOOKS


GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Douglas Southall Freeman
*Reviewed by Willard M. Wallace*.....14
BLOODY WILLIAMSON, by Paul M. Angle
*Reviewed by William E. Wilson*.....15
STRANGE EMPIRE, by Joseph Kinsey Howard
*Reviewed by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.*.....16
THE MUSTANGS, by J. Frank Dobie
*Reviewed by Walker D. Wyman*.....17
THE BUILD-UP, by William Carlos Williams
*Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster*.....18
THE CRYSTAL YEARS, by Daniel Doan
*Reviewed by Oliver LaFarge*.....19
HONEY SEEMS BITTER, by Benedict Kiely
*Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe*.....19
THE STRANGERS, by William E. Wilson
*Reviewed by Kenneth S. Davis*.....20
THE BOUNTY LANDS, by William Donahue Ellis
*Reviewed by Shirley Barker*.....21
THE THREAD OF LAUGHTER, by Louis Kronenberger
*Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones*.....24
HEMINGWAY, by Carlos Baker
*Reviewed by Arthur Mizener*.....25
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, by Dorothy Hewlett
*Reviewed by William C. DeVane*.....25
THE LETTERS OF HART CRANE, edited by Brom Weber
*Reviewed by W. T. Scott*.....27


## SR/THE ARTS


BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes.....28
*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight.....30
TV AND RADIO, by Gilbert Seldes.....32
MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin.....33


## SR/DEPARTMENTS


TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf.....6
LITERARY CRYPT.....9
LITERARY I.Q.....20
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....42
OF TIME AND SPACE, by Fletcher Pratt.....43
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 969.....67



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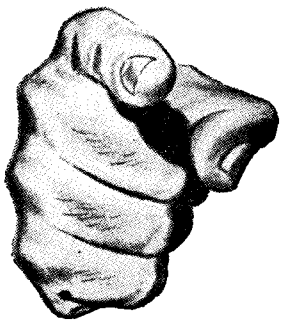

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# Words That Made History

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The actual texts of these speeches and documents—and many more—are contained in the unusual 35¢ Mentor Book that the New American Library will publish on Nov. 17, **A Documentary History of The United States.** The book will be published simultaneously by Indiana University Press in a hard-cover edition. Richard Heffner, gifted young historian who selected the documents and wrote the explanatory text, is an instructor at Sarah Lawrence College and The New School for Social Research.

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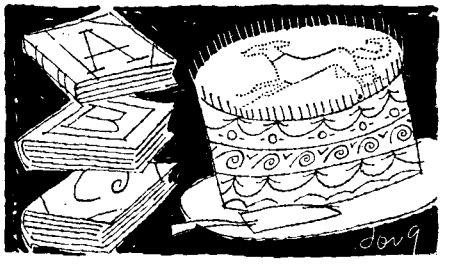
# TRADE Winds

**FOR THE RECORD,** *Life*'s use of Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea" complete in one issue has not hurt the sale of the book in the slightest degree. It is not only a thumping best seller throughout the country, but Book-of-the-Month Club executives indicate that it has had wider acceptance with members than any other selection in many months. And, indeed, why not? Publishers are always seeking publicity for their new offerings. What greater publicity could any author hope for than to see his book picked up and heavily featured by one of the most popular magazines in the country? The issue of *Life* that contained the Hemingway story was sold out clean in most localities within eight hours of publication. Disappointed customers had only one recourse: to buy the book. I'll bet thousands of them hadn't been in a bookstore in years.

Incidentally, to pin down the rumor that Hemingway had been mulling over the framework of "The Old Man and the Sea" for many years, Earnest Elmo Calkins clipped this paragraph from Mr. H's "On the Blue Water," an article that appeared in the April 1936 issue of *Esquire:*

> Another time an old man fishing alone in a skiff out of Cabanas hooked a great marlin that, on the heavy sashcord handline, pulled the skiff far out to sea. Two days later the old man was picked up by fishermen sixty miles to the eastward, the head and forward part of the marlin lashed alongside. What was left of the fish, less than half, weighed 800 pounds. The old man had stayed with him a day, a night, a day and another night while the fish swam deep and pulled the boat. When he had come up the old man had pulled the boat up on him and harpooned him. Lashed alongside the sharks had hit him and the old man had fought them out alone in the Gulf Stream in a skiff, clubbing them, stabbing at them, lunging at them with an oar until he was exhausted and the sharks had eaten all that they could hold. He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, half crazy from his loss, and the sharks were still circling the boat.

**JOHN CARTER,** erudite and personable managing director of Scribner's London office, has compiled an "ABC for Book Collectors" (published here by Knopf) that clearly defines a lot of terms loosely tossed about in literary circles. Do you, for example, know the precise meaning of the following words (when applied to books): armorial, cancel, conjugate leaves, cropped, deckle edges, diaper, foxed, recto (and verso), rubbed, shaved,



tooling, or uncut? Take one of Carter's little grills. . . . There will be no "Theatre Book of the Year" by George Jean Nathan on Mr. Knopf's list this season. "The past twelve months on Broadway were so catastrophic in every way," declares the doughty George in his best "I'll-brook-no-argument" manner, "that they are better forgotten entirely. Why exercise myself and my readers' patience in the embalming of trash?" . . . . Alfred Knopf's sixtieth birthday, incidentally, was celebrated recently by sixty devoted friends with a banquet that would have satisfied even "Diamond Jim" Brady and Brillat-Savarin. Honeyed words and pedigreed wines flowed in abundance. It was a fitting tribute to one of the great publishers of our time.

**TED WEEKS, CHARLIE MORTON,** and Charles Rolo have put their handsome heads together and decided that what this country needs most is a new book club. Ergo, the Atlantic Monthly Book Club, with James Norman Hall's autobiography, "My Island Home," as the first selection, and Mark A. De Wolfe Howe's book about New England homes, "Who Lived Here?," as bait for signing up. Further details are obtainable at Atlantic's home office: 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16. . . . Oxford has more Trollope volumes in print in its World's Classics today (thirty-five to be exact) than at any time since the outbreak of World War II, indicating a constant and international demand. Best seller of the lot, as might be expected, is "Barchester Towers," but what's this one they say holds second place? "The Three Clerks"? My round-the-corner bookseller, who can take his Trollopes or

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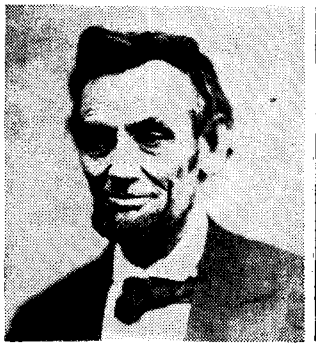
Lincoln's last photograph. Booth's bullet ended his life three days later.



"Panic sweeps Wall Street", says *N. Y. Graphic* cartoon in 1870's. Scores of other cartoons!

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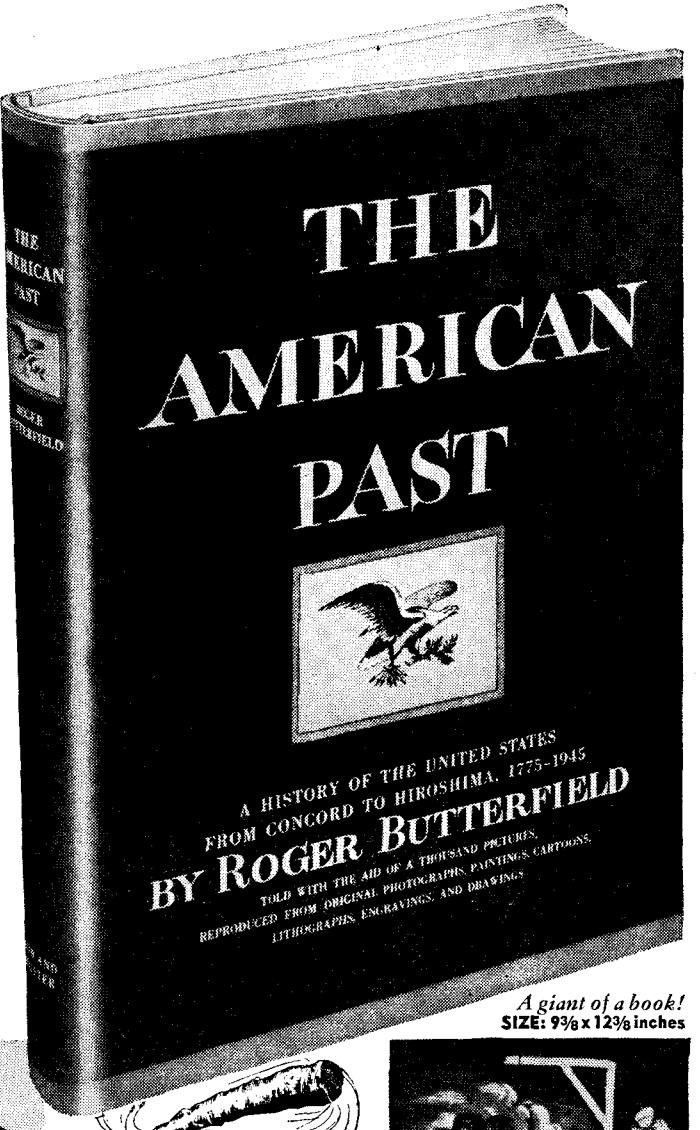
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leave them—or both—vows he never even heard of it. . . . O. P., in *The* [London] *Bookseller,* sums up the whole dilemma of Publishers' Row in the story of a lad of nine who watched a dramatization on television of "Westward Ho." "The blighters didn't give the ending," complained the lad. "At the most exciting part they flashed a sign reading, 'If you want to know how this story winds up, buy a copy of the book.'" "And did you buy the book?" asked an eager author. "I didn't have to," answered the lad happily. "The whole thing was done as a comic strip in Sunday's newspaper."

**ERLE STANLEY GARDNER** enthusiasts (and this corner believes he's got most of the Johnny-come-latelys skinned seven different ways) can now get his Perry Mason detective classics in a handsome and uniform new collectors' edition. . . . Harvey Breit's discerning interviews with literary lights will be missing from *The New York Times Book Review* for a spell. Harvey's off to India to start a new magazine there, sponsored by the Ford Foundation, and intended, of course, to promote greater mutual understanding and trust between the citizens of that country and ours. As a distinguished contemporary has put it, "Let's stop crying about a China we have lost, and worry about an India whose friendship we had better retain.". . . . "The Christmas Book," Father Francis Weiser's story of Yuletide customs through the ages and down to present-day celebrations, will be found under many a tree this December 25. . . . For the more ribald there's a lusty collection of *Esquire* highlights in "The Girls from *Esquire*." The authors range from Steinbeck to James Jones and Schulberg to Ilka Chase, but their subject is always the same: Dames. . . . Crown's book of Currier and Ives reproductions, full size, and Lucius Beebe's and Charles Clegg's "Hear the Train Blow," a pictorial history of railroading in America, will be sold out long before the holidays, too, I'll wager. Better get your orders in early. . . . My own choice for the perfect gift for young parents will be Hank Ketcham's "Dennis the Menace," a collection of cartoons that made me laugh so hard neighbors came from clear across Orchard Road in Mt. Kisco to find out who was beating whom. Dennis's long-suffering father (with whom, of course, every other fresh moppet's dad will identify himself immediately) is hereby nominated for the Hall of Fame.

**SHORTLY BEFORE I** turned TRADE WINDS over to Laura Hobson for the last throes of summer (and weren't her columns humdingers?) I quoted Bill Steven's story of how an up-to-the-minute farmer caught a cannibal hen by means of a Geiger counter. That prompted A. Gayle Waldrop, director of the school of journalism at the University of Colorado, in Boulder, to send on another anecdote that might be read with profit by some of the more zealous "suppressors" in

our midst. To get the credits straight, Waldrop heard the story from Alan Barth, of the *Washington Post,* and Barth found it in the *Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors.* (We'll trace this back to one of the great "originating" columnists yet!) At any rate, here's the story:

There is a religious sect called the Doukhobours. They emigrated from Russia to escape the tyranny of the Czars, and found the freedom to worship as they desired in Canada. Unfortunately, however, the Doukho-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 968)

JOE DIMAGGIO:

*LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE (1946)*

(From the Chapter, "All Stars aren't Yankees")

The thing which amazed me most about Gehringer when I first saw him was the effortless way he performed. Charley was a cool eleven years older than I. . . . He kept right on working in just that smooth, easy way until he was forty.

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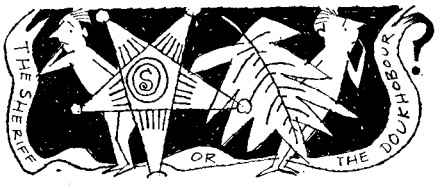
bours have one cherished ritual which puts them in definite conflict with the accepted Canadian way of life. They believe that on a certain day every spring it is appropriate that they give homage to the Lord in a state of complete nakedness.

On the chosen day this spring, accordingly, a good Doukhobour appeared in the market place of a Ca-




nadian town and proceeded to divest himself of all his clothing. An outraged constable came to arrest him, but the Doukhobour fled and, being unencumbered by clothing, soon outdistanced the pursuing arm of the law.

The constable decided he could run faster without his coat. Then, in rapid succession, he discarded his shirt, shoes, and finally his trousers. When at last he was naked as a jaybird he managed to collar the fleeing Doukhobour.

The trouble, alas, is that when the two nude figures re-entered the market place not a single soul could tell which was the Doukhobour and which was the constable.

—Bennett Cerf.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 487

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 487 will be found in the next issue.*

QAA QFG ACBQDEHK. LCD

MG NMP HQB QBQARSG

MEK TGACKEPB EK HQAAGT

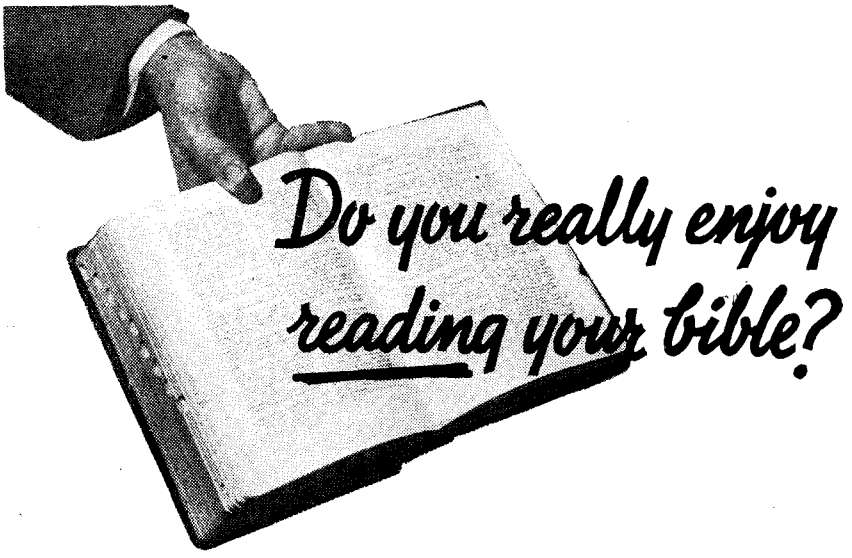
Q OMEAPKPOMGF.

QWLFPKG LEGFHG

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 486*

When pleasure is on her trial we are not impartial judges.

—Aristotle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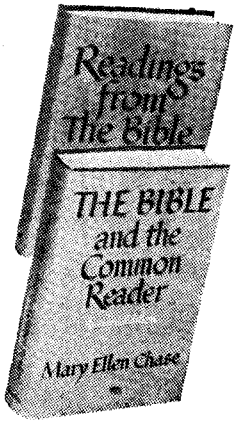


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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 18, 1952

# The General, the Governor, the Grassroots

JOHN MASON BROWN

John Mason Brown

IT was close to nine in the evening and we were nearing LaGuardia when the General emerged from his private compartment on the plane carrying him from St. Paul to New York. Seeming for the moment a man without worries, he moved up and down the aisle to chat with the reporters and members of his staff who had flown back with him for his AFL speech at the Commodore the next morning.

At one point the General asked for details about the flight the following afternoon which would enable him to rejoin his campaign train at Davenport, Iowa. Having come east on a chartered Capital airliner, he assumed he would take the same plane west. An aide, however, pointed out that, since a Presidential nominee must play no favorites, the return trip was booked on United. On hearing this, Eisenhower broke into that famous smile of his at its most all-conquering. "If he didn't look out," he said, "this kind of thing could make a fellow take himself seriously." Then, still smiling as only he can, he added, "I suppose to take the same plane out and back would be too simple for politics."

Both Governor Stevenson and the General must have learned during the past grueling weeks that there is nothing simple about running for the Presidency. Although they may have guessed the ordeal that lay ahead, they could not, even as men accustomed to the rigors of public life, have forseen the unrelenting and terrible demands that would be made upon them.

Certainly, those who in the ease of their homes read the daily reports of the campaign, follow the texts of the two candidates' prepared speeches or whistle-stop talks, listen to them on the radio, or see them in the newsreels or on television, cannot be expected to realize in full how merciless is the strain which Eisenhower and Stevenson face. Even those of us who have traveled with them can only surmise from our own weariness at the end of each long day the fatigue of the two men when at last they are permitted to sleep. If by that time their staffs are groggy and we who observe them as reporters are worn out, they must be exhausted. But if they are (and here is the first inexorable law of the political jungle), they cannot, they must not show it.

Unless they wish to lose votes and start rumors racing, they must appear supercharged with energy, health, and good nature at all times and under all conditions. Regardless of when they have gone to bed, how they have slept, or how they feel, they must be up betimes, prepared to greet the sun as if it could cast a ballot.

After bolting their breakfast, they must leave their hotel suite or step out on the back platform of their train, looking well-groomed and exuding affability. No matter how stiff their arms from all the waving to crowds they have had to do the day before, they must turn themselves once again into semaphores of graciousness. Although their fingers may be swollen from yesterday's handshaking, they must offer their hands without wincing to each and all of the state and local dignitaries who board their train, meet their plane, or encircle their automobile when it comes to a stop.

If they do travel by motorcade, on approaching a crowd they must either stand up or perch on the top of the back seat, bareheaded and beaming in rain or heat, for block after block, or in big cities mile after mile, all the while going through the calisthenics of salutation. During parades their smiles must be permanent fixtures, as neon-bright as they can make them. They must seem as pleased with silent bystanders or small groups as they are with streets lined with enthusiasts, and grin with the same delight at hecklers as at rooters. If they are met by Senators or Governors for whom they have no personal liking, they must, while with them, in the interest of party unity hide their dislike under a peck, if not a bushel, basket.

THIS is by no means all. They must be prepared to accept gifts of every kind, ranging from brooms and pumpkins to rugs and pictures, and, what is more, act as if they knew exactly what to do with them. The candidates must also remember the state and town in which they happen to be. This is not as easy as it sounds when so many places are visited during a crowded day. They must have done their homework so as to rattle off the name of the mayor or chairman, and be able to refer to the local product whether it is steel, clocks, Billy Sunday, football teams, or Ellen Glasgow.

They must survive such a schedule as confronted the General the first day I joined the party, when within thirteen hours

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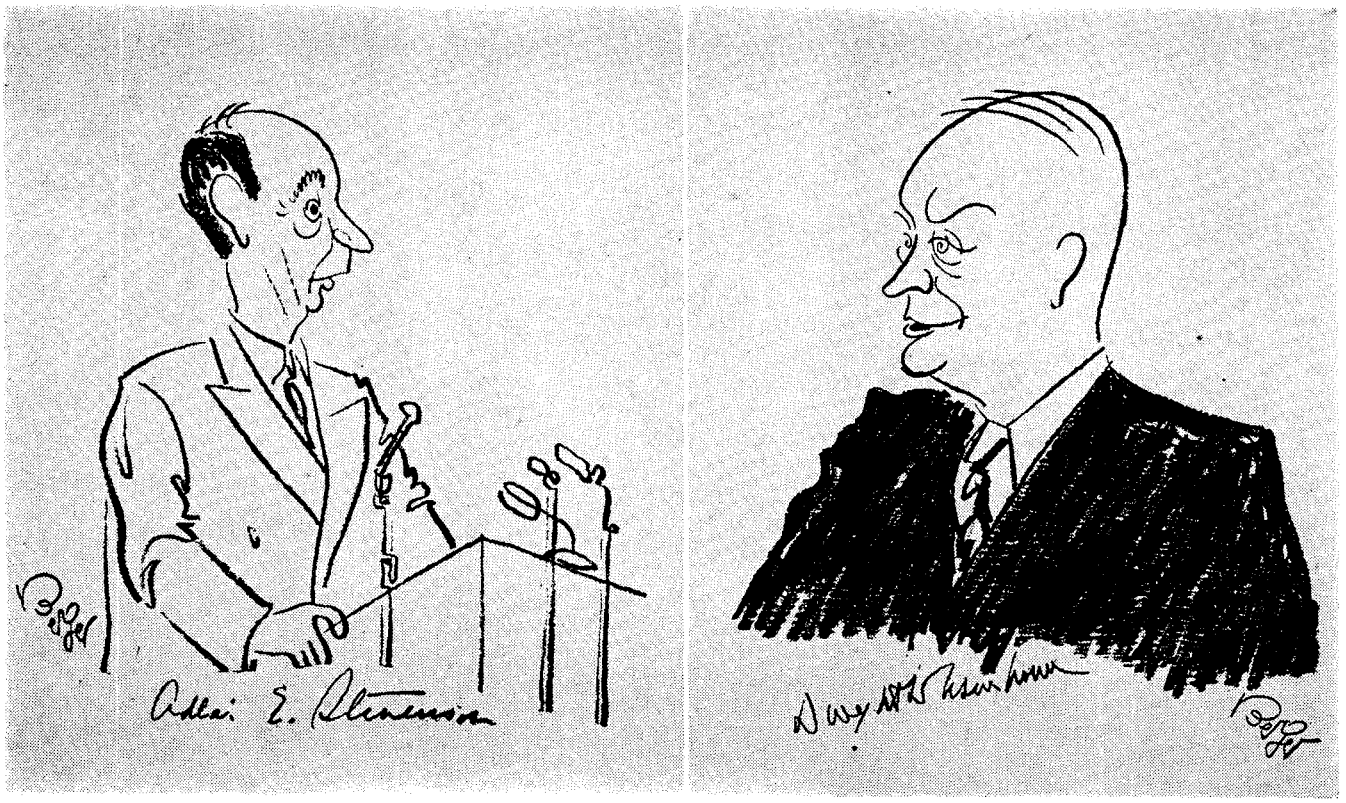

—*Autographed sketches made from life by Oscar Berger.*

he made thirteen speeches in twelve cities and traveled 139 miles by automobile and 232 miles by train through Indiana and Illinois. Or they must brave such an itinerary as Stevenson's when he arrived in Bridgeport at noon after flying from Springfield, Ill., and moved northward through Connecticut to deliver nine back-seat or public-square talks and a major address in the evening at Hartford. At the end of such punishing days, which can run well into the nights, the two candidates must go to sleep knowing that what they have just done will in all probability have to be done all over again the next day.

Everything they say publicly is the nation's property within a few hours after their having said it. And anything they say privately to the persons sitting next to them at lunch or dinner or in their car, or to well-wishers lucky enough to push close to them, runs the risk of being quoted proudly by chance hearers who feel they have brushed shoulders with history. The press, notebook in hand, is always at their heels; the newsreel cameras are constantly turned on them. When they speak to a local audience, radio and television may be carrying them to the world. When this happens, they are judged unfairly but inevitably not according to the gifts they might bring to the Presidency, but on the basis of such talents they may possess as radio and TV performers.

Between the endless parades of their public appearances they must somehow find time to keep up with what the opposition is saying, confer with their staffs, write or redraft their prepared addresses, and at least read the speeches which are written for them. They must be in touch with their National Committees and maintain what peace they can between those ever contrary-minded groups that travel with them as advisers—the close personal friends who, rightly or wrongly, are apt to be the champions of firmness or idealism; and the cynical professionals who, wrongly or rightly, are inclined to be the apostles of compromise and expediency.

IN the midst of all their other harassments, they must be able to deal with such sudden and major crises as the revelation of the Nixon and Stevenson funds. All the while they must talk, talk, talk, using their vocal cords more unsparingly than if they were filibustering. Yet, as surely as their spirits must show no signs of drooping, their voices must betray no hints of hoarseness. If they repeat their jokes, illustrations, and themes, as they are bound to do; if each, for example, starts off whistle-stop talks in the morning by saying brightly, "Well, at least the school children must be glad to see me since I got them out of school," they must convince others and give the impression of having convinced themselves that they are forever saying something different. Their daily obligation is to make news. After all, the purpose of their tours is not only to be seen by as many people as possible but to steal headlines from the opposition.

As candidates for the Presidency, these two overworked men play multiple roles. They are at once exhibits and personalities, public figures in their own right and rallying points for the hopes and convictions of millions of their fellow citizens. In spite of their areas of agreement, each is the symbol of a different approach to the problems of the United States at home and abroad. Each is the leader of his party and at the same time to some extent his party's captive.

The thousands who turn out to see and hear them may seem to be attracted by a bobbysox curiosity, but theirs is a vastly different interest. These crowds are drawn by reality, not make-believe. They know that their lives and living will be affected by the men they wait hours to get a glimpse of and hold their children up to see. They sense that this fight-to-the-finish is *their* fight. They realize that power is the prize, power huge and awesome, and that history is in the ring. Inescapably, therefore, these men, one of whom is bound to be the implement of great events, are judged and followed as more than men. They are mortals who have been transfigured into the icons of opposing political faiths. In addition to serving as spokesmen for the issues which divide the two parties, they are to most people the embodiments of those issues,

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# *Was Bryce Wrong About the Presidency?*

## JAMES BRYCE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following excerpt is taken from "The American Commonwealth," a work on our politics by James, Viscount Bryce* (1838-1922), *British statesman, historian, and classicist.*

EUROPEANS often ask, and Americans do not always explain, how it happens that the office of President of the United States, the greatest in the world, unless we except the Papacy, to which anyone can rise by his own merits, is not more frequently filled by great and striking men. In America, which is beyond all other countries the country of a "career open to talents," a country, moreover, in which political life is unusually keen and political ambition widely diffused, it might be expected that the highest place would always be won by a man of brilliant gifts.

Several reasons may be suggested for the fact, which Americans are themselves the first to admit. One is that the proportion of first-rate ability drawn into politics is smaller in America than in most European countries.

Another is that the methods and habits of Congress, and indeed of political life generally, give fewer opportunities for personal distinction, fewer modes in which a man may commend himself to his countrymen by eminent capacity in thought, in speech, or in administration, than is the case in the free countries of Europe.

A third reason is that eminent men make more enemies, and give those enemies more assailable points, than obscure men do. They are therefore in so far less desirable candidates. . . . The famous man has probably attacked some leaders in his own party, has supplanted others, has expressed his dislike to the crotchet of some active section, has perhaps committed errors which are capable of being magnified into offences. . . . Hence, when the choice lies between a brilliant man and a safe man, the safe man is preferred.

The safe candidate may not draw in quite so many votes from the moderate men of the other side as the brilliant one would, but he will not lose nearly so many from his own ranks. Even those who admit his mediocrity will vote straight when the moment for voting comes. Besides, the ordinary American voter does not object to mediocrity. He has a lower conception of the qualities requisite to make a statesman than those who direct public opinion in Europe have. He likes his candidate to be sensible, vigorous, and, above all, what he calls "magnetic," and does not value, because he sees no need for, originality or profundity, a fine culture or a wide knowledge.

After all, too, a President need not be a man of brilliant intellectual gifts. His main duties are to be prompt and firm in securing the due execution of the laws and maintaining the public peace, careful and upright in the choice of the executive officials of the country. Eloquence, whose value is apt to be overrated in all free countries, imagination, profundity of thought or extent of knowledge, are all in so far a gain to him that they make him "a bigger man," and help him to gain over the nation an influence which, if he be a true patriot, he may use for its good. But they are not necessary for the due discharge in ordinary times of the duties of his post.

Although several Presidents have survived their departure from office by many years, only one, John Quincy Adams, played a part in politics after quitting the White House. It may be that the ex-President has not been a great leader before his accession to office; it may be that he does not care to exert himself after he has held and dropped the great prize, and found (one may safely add) how little of a prize it is. Exalted power, on which the unsleeping eye of hostile critics was fixed, has probably disclosed all a President's weaknesses, and has either forced him to make enemies by disobliging adherents, or exposed him to censure for subservience to party interests. He is regarded as having had his day; he belongs already to the past, and unless, like Grant, he is endeared to the people by the memory of some splendid service, or is available to his party as a possible candidate for a further term of office, he soon sinks into the crowd or avoids neglect by retirement.

and hence have become issues themselves.

Few men could be less alike in personality, training, and endowment than the General and the Governor. They present a sharp and insistent study in contrasts. No reporter who has traveled with them, as I have recently done first with Eisenhower and then with Stevenson, can avoid noticing how deepseated these dissimilarities are.

There are, to be sure, qualities the two men have in common that must be mentioned at the outset. Election years are not notable for dispassionate judgments. They are the open season for mud-slinging, for prejudice at its most violent, for abuse at its ugliest, invective passing for truth, and partisanship which though blind is ever vocal. During them many seem to feel that, in order to be for one candidate, they must vilify the other. It is hard to see, however, how anyone making a pretense to fair-mindedness can fail to admit, even as the campaign grows in heat, that the General and the Governor are both men whose goodness and modesty are beyond question. They are equally determined to clear up "the mess in Washington." They are equally honest, equally concerned with efficient government, and equally convinced that, if it is to be healthy at the top, it must be healthy at its lowest levels. Each is animated by the same genuine patriotism. Each has the same passion for peace. And both are so outstanding that the country can count itself fortunate in having them to choose between.

The General enjoys the advantage of touring not only as a candidate but as a national hero who is internationally known. For ten years he has been a world figure. Those who have never seen him feel as if they had because they have seen so many pictures of him. They recognize him the moment he appears and are thrilled to have him in their midst. They sense at once that he is no proconsul type of military man. He is "Ike" to young and old, "Ike" the liberator, not the conqueror. They may or may not, in this most unpredictable of elections, want "a General in the White House," but they do want to see the General whose crusade freed Europe.

Although Eisenhower looks older than he did at the war's end (who doesn't?), he looks years younger close-to than he does on television and in most of his photographs. Neither his balding forehead nor his thinning gray hair can detract from what is irresistibly boyish about him as he publicly acknowledges cheers or relaxes in private. He seems at sixty-two in the best of health and, when understandably tired, renews his strength

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after a nap with remarkable swiftness. His skin, though crisscrossed with a fine mesh of hard-earned lines, is carnation pink; his eyes are a shining blue. He is broad-shouldered and erect, and wears civilian clothes as trimly as if they were uniforms. Above all, as he rides through the streets or steps forward on a platform, there is a bounce to his personality so buoyant that people feel it and respond to it. His smile is more than a release of high spirits; it is a radiation of light. And when, to greet crowds, he spreads his long arms wide in a V-for-victory sign, his gesture is as winning an expression of confidence and affability as this world knows.

STEVENSON, a newcomer to politics on the national scale, is not always spotted immediately. In spite of placards and buttons bearing his picture, his many television appearances, and countless photographs which have been printed daily during the past months, there have been times when some of his admirers are said to have cheered his manager, Wilson. Wyatt, under the impression they were cheering the Governor. It seems safe to say, however, that those who have once seen him, and certainly those who have watched him as he speaks, are not apt to forget him.

Although he seems to enjoy campaigning, is always ready with a retort, and has an unfailingly gracious manner, Stevenson's approach to a crowd is very different from Eisenhower's. When he waves, it is not with his arms straight out. He tends to keep his elbows at his sides and to make tentative, half-finished gestures. His pleasant smile is less expansive than the General's and finds its truest center, not in his mouth, but in his blue eyes, which have in them all the wit and humor that are in his speeches.

—*Seibel in* The Richmond Times-Dispatch.
"Hawking Their Favorite Prescriptions."

Though he is as bald as Eisenhower, if not balder (corrosion of the hairline, the Governor calls it), the hair that he has is black. He is ten years younger than the General and looks it. Stevenson moves swiftly with the energy and ease of a man whose body is at the command of an agile mind. Modest, almost shy, as he seems, there is something about him which demands attention and respect. His is the face of an intellectual. It is as sensitive as it is alert, and quick to register the subtleties and depths of his thinking. In appearance the Governor might at first be taken for a successful lawyer or businessman, or even a popular professor. If he refuses to fit neatly into any of these categories, it is because of another quality or dimension. He may not have about him the aura of a hero who has made history, but he creates the impression of a man who is capable of making it.

As soon as he begins to speak, his authority, more accurately his bigness, makes itself felt. Then, especially in the case of his major addresses, it is as if a giant switch were thrown on and Stevenson's personality and strength suddenly blaze forth in their full light. Almost every time the General spoke, at least when I traveled with him, the reverse was true. Except in three or four of the twenty speeches I heard him deliver, the light, the extraordinary light, which is his when bowing, waving, or acknowledging applause, went out the moment he started speaking.

There were good reasons for this. When Eisenhower journeyed through Indiana, Illinois, and Minnesota, his troubles were many. He had given his reluctant endorsement to McCarthy, he had had his famous breakfast with Taft, and he had been persuaded to appear publicly with Jenner. Furthermore, the General must have been appalled, if not angered, by what his staff had done to him instead of for him in the Taft matter. The Senator, when he flew into New York the night before their meeting, handed to Senator Carlson, the Eisenhower representative who met him, a copy of his statement so that the General could study it. Carlson, however, is reported to have pocketed the statement on the grounds that the General needed rest. The result of this misplaced consideration was that Eisenhower went unprepared into his all-important conference with Taft. The General's staff committed another blunder when it allowed eighteen hours to pass before telling him about the Nixon fund. But that was to come in the next few days. Had either or both of these mistakes occurred at SHAEF, the roof would have blown off, and rightly, too.

—*Herblock in* The Washington Post.
"Strip Poker."

The General had his other worries when he started out on his special train. Since this was his first whistle-stop tour, naturally he was concerned with how well he could put it over. During most of the first day and part of the second he seemed ill at ease. Before beginning one of his off-the-cuff speeches, he would beam upon the crowd to its obvious delight. Then, instead of allowing people to savor his personality (which is the real purpose of a whistle stop) while thawing them out with an anecdote or a G.I. story, he would, as a rule, snap off his smile abruptly and assume a grim frown to make clear that he took solemn things solemnly.

His strategy, of course, was to imply that, because the Governor could at times be wonderfully witty, Stevenson was not to be taken seriously. Unfortunately, Eisenhower often forgot to mention Stevenson or to indicate that he had him in mind. Hence, when the General would declare that he found nothing funny in the Korean war, taxes, high prices, or corruption in government, many people clustered in front of him looked somewhat surprised, if not confused. They had never regarded any of these things as jokes either, and wondered why Eisenhower bothered to make the point.

FEW of those who have the proper admiration for the General and were traveling with him when I was could have been happy during those first two days and nights as he spoke from his train on the steps of city halls. His sincerity was radiant, his goodness unmistakable. But at most of these smaller stops he seemed inwardly uncertain in spite of his outward assurance. Clearly he was a novice at the game, a man whose mind was made hesitant and harried by listening to too many different advisers who were

(*Continued on page* 40)

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**Americana.** Between the level prairies of the Mississippi Valley and the Rocky Mountains is a vast sloping plateau, treeless and semi-arid, which early explorers dubbed the Great American Desert. The hardy men who settled it after the Civil War encountered problems economic, social, and legal beyond the ken of Anglo-American tradition. In a classic of American historiography, "The Great Plains" (1931), Walter Prescott Webb told how these pioneers adapted themselves to the strange conditions. This week we review four books which deal factually with the Great Plains' romantic past. Joseph Kinsey Howard's "Strange Empire" (page 16) tells about a group of half-breeds who defied the Canadian authorities; J. Frank Dobie chats about the legendary wild horses of the Plains in "The Mustangs" (page 17); Ernest Wallace and E. Adamson Hoebel write about the Indians who became the terror of the area when they learned to ride in "The Comanches" (page 18); and Otis E. Young has new information about "The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail" (page 18).

# *A Most Majestic Rebel*

*GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. V. 784 pp. $7.50.*

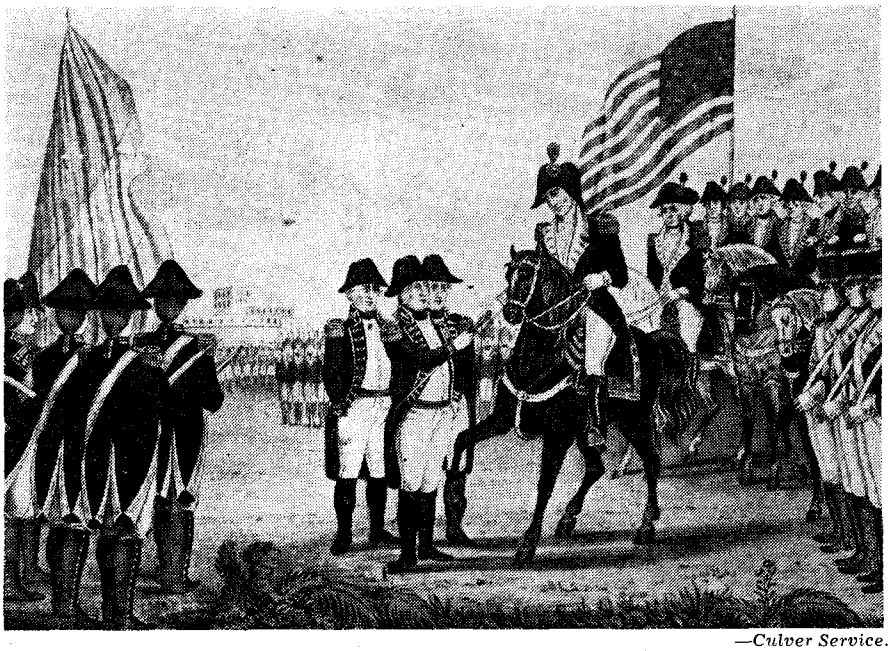
By Willard M. Wallace

THE fifth volume of Douglas Freeman's biography of Washington has now appeared, and Mr. Freeman estimates that he can finish his massive study in two more volumes. This book covers the developments from May 1778 to Christmas 1783. It is the period of the indecisive victory at Monmouth, of the brilliant assault on Stony Point, and of the French participation. So important was the last that Mr. Freeman entitles the volume, "Victory with the Help of France"; and Washington's tenacious efforts to secure the full cooperation of the French become the point of emphasis.

This, however, was also the period of other events, colorful but less happy. There was the starving time at Morristown in the winter of 1779-80, which Mr. Freeman considers more rigorous than the winter at Valley Forge. In the fall of 1780 occurred Arnold's treason, which shocked and infuriated Washington, and the execution of André, whom he considered a charming but naive young man. With the new year came news of the mutiny of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey lines. To Washington's annoyance and dismay the Pennsylvania civil authorities intervened to settle the first; the Jersey mutiny he promptly scotched by the dispatch of loyal troops. Finally, in the second winter following Yorktown, when many of his officers lacked adequate means of support, he prevented their threatened mutiny by an effective combination of sympathy and paternal firmness. In his researches Mr. Freeman discovers little evidence that Washington ever suspected Nathanael Greene of having been involved in dubious operations. Mr. Freeman is not absolutely certain of Greene's involvement and hopes that a refining of the facts he has uncovered will show the attractive and inspiring general guiltless.

Mr. Freeman's analysis of Washington's abilities and character is shrewd and perceptive. More than most British commanders, Washington recognized the value of sea power. His strategy, pending the arrival of sufficient French military and naval aid, was of necessity defensive. Though handicapped tactically by his own lack of training in large operations, he fell back on the element of surprise, which he had learned so well at Braddock's defeat. This element he used effectively, avoiding costly frontal assaults and foregoing flank attacks because his men possessed neither the numbers nor the experience. His chief deficiency was a failure to concentrate superior force at the point of contact. Though Mr. Freeman disagrees with Jefferson, who contended that in tactical operations Washington was hampered by slowness of mind, Washington evinced such respect for the opinions of his generals that occasionally, in view of the demands of the moment, he might have been wiser to rely exclusively on his own judgment, which was generally sound. This respect, however, pervaded all his relations with his officers and men. He meted out justice conscientiously, commending where desirable, punishing when necessary. In his view the essential element of leadership was discipline, and discipline required patience.

Patience, respect for others, and integrity were hallmarks of his character. Though not outstanding as an administrator in his own army, he was singularly successful in his relations with army commanders and with Congress. He always acknowledged the latter's authority with proper deference, tolerated no public criticism of



—Culver Service.

Surrender of Cornwallis—"discipline required patience."

*Willard M. Wallace, professor of history at Wesleyan University, Connecticut, is the author of "Appeal to Arms: A Military History of the American Revolution."*

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Paul M. Angle—"case histories."

it. and consistently regarded the Army as subordinate to civil authority. Cautious and courageous, diligent and systematic, he became the more determined to defend his country as her danger increased. He attributed his success to having invariably "walked on a straight line." As Mr. Freeman remarks, "Early in his life he had acquired a positive love of the right and he had developed the will to do the right."

It is not alone the drama of the period that creates the degree of interest peculiar to this volume; Washington comes alive as never before. If he is still Olympian, he is at least relatively human. Perhaps no one, not even a writer of Mr. Freeman's skill and insight, can make him completely credible. Parson Weems, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, was nearer the truth than some of the great man's debunkers.

On the other hand, Mr. Freeman's method scarcely lends itself to the degree of humanizing to which most of us are, perhaps unfortunately, accustomed. Adhering rigidly to what he terms "the established verities," he makes few attempts to penetrate Washington's mind; and the writing, though impressively factual, is often bald and cold. But when occasionally he indulges in legitimate surmise, as in Washington's considering his memories of the war while waiting for the British surrender at Yorktown, Mr. Freeman achieves color and warmth. One wishes he had ignored more often the discipline of his method and, at the risk of being merely "plausible," as he describes part of the hazard, had given his imagination greater play. But this would not have been Mr. Freeman, whose discipline, industry, and patience rival in the field of scholarship those very qualities which his subject displayed during the years of the Revolution.

# *An American Jungle*

*BLOODY WILLIAMSON. By Paul M. Angle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pp. $4.*

By William E. Wilson

IN all his writing, Paul M. Angle, now director of the Chicago Historical Society, has exhibited a rare combination of talents: the sharp eye for detail and the vivid, swiftly-moving narrative style of a first-class newspaper reporter together with the unimpeachable honesty and the scholarly thoroughness of a fine historian. In "Bloody Williamson," he has combined these qualities again and has produced a book that few readers will be able to put aside until they have finished it.

Most non-Illinoisians will probably not recognize the name of Williamson County until they encounter the name of Herrin, but that name appears on Mr. Angle's second page and by the time his readers have reached that point they will be wholly engrossed in the suspense of the night preceding the Herrin Massacre of June 22, 1922. That massacre grew out of an attempt to break a strike against a strip mine of the Southern Illinois Coal Company. Its owner, William J. Lester, had imported strike-breakers and by June 22 they were holed up in the mine under siege, surrounded by some five hundred strikers armed with rifles, revolvers, and dynamite. By noon of that day, eighteen men were dead, most of them murdered in cold blood after they had surrendered. Five more were to die before the long, involved course of indictments, trials, and investigations reached its fruitless end more than a year later.

Williamson's reputation for bloodshed and brutality does not rest upon that one episode alone, however. The county had already earned the epithet, "bloody," a half century earlier when a tavern brawl precipitated a feud between the Bulliner and Henderson families that was to last eight years. By 1876, a local historian had computed a total of 495 assaults with deadly weapons and 285 murderous assaults in the county since its founding. The Bulliners and Hendersons and their allies were responsible for large shares in these figures.

In 1906 and 1910, there were outbreaks of violence in Williamson County again, resulting on these occasions from conflicts between union and non-union miners, but not representing the basic struggle between organized and unorganized labor, in Mr. Angle's opinion, so much as deep-rooted racial and economic prejudices. In the first instance, an operator named Samuel T. Brush expressed his doctrinaire disapproval of unionism by firing all his newly organized employees and indiscreetly importing Negro strike-breakers from the South. In the second, Joseph Leiter, a Chicago millionaire, set out to prove that he could operate without the United Mine Workers by making a citadel of his mining property, equipping it with bunkers, machine guns, a searchlight, and a trained body of armed guards. In both instances, the results were murders, skirmishes, ambuscades, lynchings, and explosions.

Since the Herrin Massacre, there have been two further wars in Williamson, neither of them related to labor disputes. The Ku Klux Klan, led by S. Glenn Young, rode high, wide, and horrible through the county in the mid-Twenties, and the age of gangsterism, with Charlie Birger and the Shelton boys playing the leading roles, burst upon the county a few years later. Like the actors in the "Bloody Vendetta" of the Sixties and Seventies and of the three violent labor disputes, the principals in these later conflicts stopped at nothing in their exercise of power through violence. The stories of their killings and beatings read like the case histories of an asylum of maniacs, the only difference being that few of these Williamson maniacs were ever incarcerated.

In his foreword, Mr. Angle expresses the conviction that "the story of 'Bloody Williamson' is more than a record of lawlessness in one small Illinois county." He believes that it is the story, in microcosm, of the whole United States, demonstrating our "family hatreds, labor strife, religious bigotry, nativistic narrowness, a desire for money and to hell with the rules." His concluding chapter, in which he returns to this thesis, does not round out his argument as fully as one might expect; and yet a lengthy peroration is perhaps not necessary to a book such as this. Only an uninformed and thoroughly insulated man or woman could read this tale of concentrated evil without realizing that its potentialities have long existed everywhere, not only in the United States but throughout the world, evil which must be recognized and extirpated if we are to survive.

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*William E. Wilson is professor of English at Indiana University. His latest novel, "The Strangers," is reviewed in this issue.*

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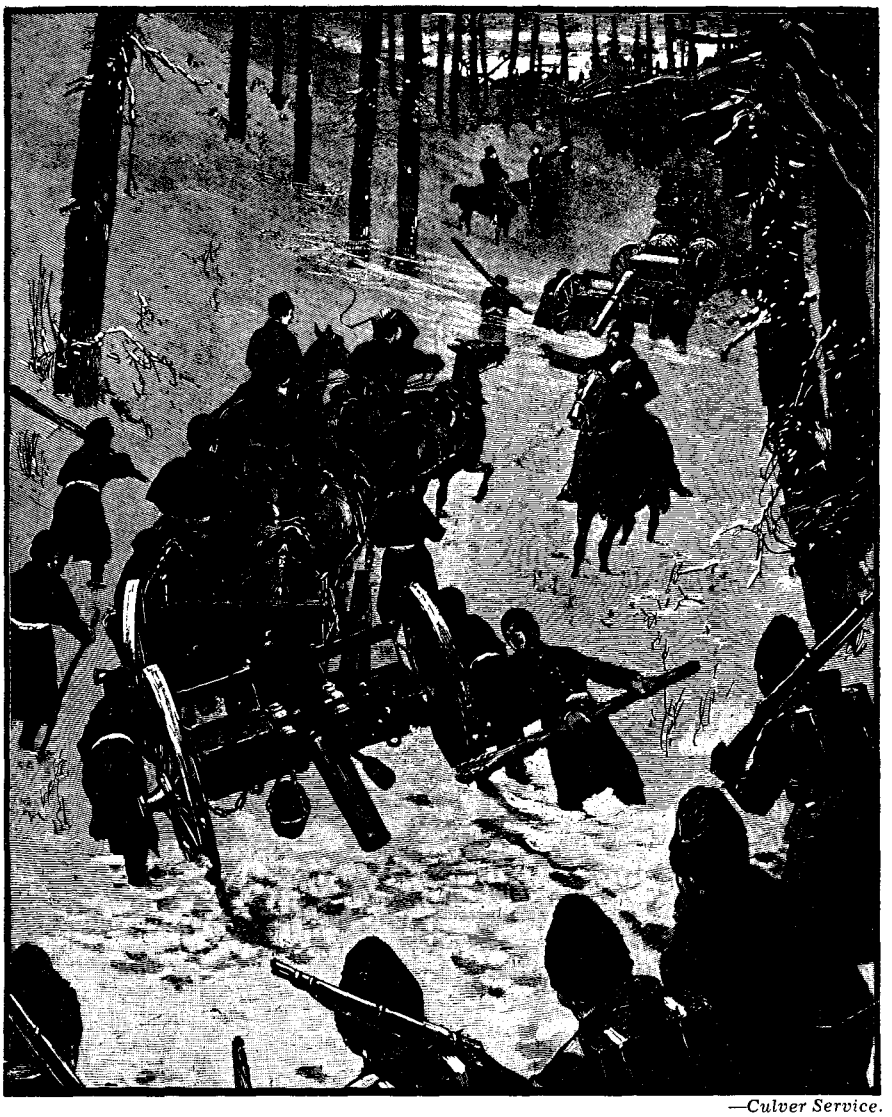

—Culver Service.

Riel's Rebellion—"a more honestly pious figure of war never existed."

# Wilderness Washington

*STRANGE EMPIRE. By Joseph Kinsey Howard. New York: William Morrow & Co. 601 pp. $6.*

By A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

"HISTORY," says Joseph Kinsey Howard, "is impatient with intangibles." It is also infinitely indifferent to men and morals. Mr. Howard regretted the former; he never reconciled or tried to reconcile himself to the latter. And so it was that his was a lifetime of interest in and efforts for the unfortunate and mistreated. So it was, too, that the neglected and all-but-forgotten story of Louis Riel and his mongrel nation should enlist his sympathies and command his talents.

His book, published a little more than a year after his sudden death, is history reflective of his humanity, as it is reflective of his integrity, his scholarship, his depth, his informed respect for language. It will endure as a contribution to historiography, as a contribution of a kind rare with the professional historian, which Mr. Howard was not. History, whatever else it is, is never dull; the professional historian too often is.

Louis Riel was the leader of the mixed bloods or Métis of the great Northwestern plain that straddles the boundary between Dakota and Montana to the south and the Canadian provinces to the north. They were a people apart, these Métis, sons and daughters and later descendants of white fathers and Indian mothers, who had no nation and no tribe except as they could be tribe and nation of themselves. Twice, in 1870 around the present Winnipeg and in 1885 on the South Saskatchewan, Riel led them in struggles for what white people regard, with reference to whites, as the simple rights of man. He wanted a geographical home for them, suffrage, representation in the Dominion Parliament, land grants for schools, other reasonable and feasible concessions from a Government that he wished his people to be allied with, not servile to or divorced from.

His plans were far more political than military. He knew he couldn't win at war. If it came to such a pass, he hoped a show of arms—resistance rather than rebellion—would bring political settlement about. And twice he had to fight.

Not many were killed in those conflicts of 1870 and 1885, even as casualties were counted then. One non-atomic bomb these days could do more damage than all the pieces fired. And perhaps because the list was small, history has given little space to the engagements, or to their causes or contingencies or consequences.

But possibilities of great importance were involved, and results brought forth that we can see today. There existed then the chance, if slim, of American expansion across the boundary clear to the territory of Alaska, and expansionists sought to turn Dominion-Métis troubles to this end. Antagonisms, racial and religious, were so aroused as to help set a still-existent pattern of Canadian society and politics. The fate of the Plains Indians, especially those resident within the United States, was affected. Indeed, Mr. Howard believed that with a little luck and a little more of foresight the Sioux, Crees, and Blackfeet, along with their cousins, the Métis, might have won sizable concessions from white civilization. "There were times," he says, "when Manifest Destiny slid off the trail and bogged down."

Riel emerges from these pages as a mystic, an egomaniac, almost a religious fanatic, a priest of sorts, though he quit studying for the Catholic priesthood and once renounced the Church. At one time he was insane or at least unsettled. He spent months in an asylum. There were people who thought he was crazy to the last. But there was a quality of leadership in the man, and of wisdom and unselfish aspiration and humility and moderation, the manifestations of which are not to be treated as fugitive aberrations because of contradictions in his make-up. Probably a less bloodthirsty or more honestly pious figure of war never lived.

The result of all his efforts—except

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*A. B. Guthrie, Jr., is the author of "The Big Sky" and "The Way West," novels of white men and the Northwest Indians.*

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for a belated and insufficient redress of Métis grievances—was defeat and ultimately the gallows, to which he was sent November 16, 1885, at Regina, Saskatchewan, on conviction of the charge of high treason; but the defeat was no more the consequence of arms, certainly, than of wishful trust on his part and bad faith on the part of his adversaries. More than once he was undone by promises never kept. And his death at the end of a rope satisfied justice not so much as animosity.

There are many people in this chronicle, men prominent and obscure, high-minded and unprincipled, clerical and secular, strong and weak, and it is a temptation to tell something about them. But it is better, because it is somehow closer to essence, to quote two Indians here lifted from the ruck of history.

"We borrow this earth from God," said a Cree orator, speaking of an Indian's inability to understand the private ownership of land.

Poundmaker, a chief of the Crees, stood calm before a senseless charge of cowardice. "I feel in my heart," he said, "that I am such a person as I am."

# *Beyond the Roaming Years*

*THE MUSTANGS. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 376 pp. $6.*

By Walker D. Wyman

WHEN J. Frank Dobie and the University of Texas had a misunderstanding a few years ago, resulting in the premature retirement of the former and the impoverishment of the latter, American literature gained though the young people of Texas lost in the deal. The stormy petrel of the Southwest can now turn with fewer distractions to the loving task of re-creating the era when a man on a horse was free. "The Mustangs," an interesting and well-illustrated book, is but the latest in a long list that have come from his prolific pen and his great heart.

Though Dobie has lived most of his life in a culture created by the machine, his concept of freedom stems from the time when man and the mustang could roam a thousand miles without facing a barbed-wire fence. He knows those days are gone forever, but he finds it hard to believe that our society is evolving toward greater freedom of mind and spirit. That is why he turns with zest and nostalgia to the pioneer period when man lived in harmony with the earth and both man and the horse drank deeply of the life of no restraint. It is proper that this book be dedicated, not to another human, but to a "plot of earth," the county in which he spent his carefree, boyhood days—on a horse.

"The Mustangs" does not chart a new course in frontier literature or even in the bibliography of the horse. It retells the history of the Spanish pony that has been told by both scholars and popular writers before. That story is the familiar one of the introduction of the mustang by the Spanish ranchers rather than the conquistadors, its spread among the native tribes, the characteristics of the wild herds that may have numbered as high as two million, the legends of the famous stallions that were chased by every mustanger between Mexico and Canada, and the art and folklore of horse-running among the Spanish, Indians, and Anglo-Americans. The book is not about the mustang or Spanish horse alone, as the title implies, for as Dobie points out, that little horse's blood was gradually diluted by that of American stock from the contiguous frontier so that long before 1890 it had become a nondescript animal. However, this volume largely concerns itself with the Southwest where the mustang resisted the chilling process longer than anywhere else on the last frontier.

In the last seven chapters Dobie is at his best as he deals with the wild herds and the men who chased them. Though much of this has been told before in "Mustangs and Cow Horses," which he helped edit for the Texas Folklore Society, he has added many rich experiences to it. The legend of the pacing stallion, which he has gathered from the ends of the earth of man's memory, is certainly one that will live long in the annals of American folklore. In telling the experiences of the mustangers, he at no time falls into the trap of the fiction writer who envisions every wild horse as a true Arabian with sweeping mane and tail. Dobie knows that the famous stallion was upon close observation more often a run-down, battle-scarred, hammerhead or a thoroughbred wearing the brand of some cattleman a hundred miles away. Never does "The Mustangs" leave the trail blazed by those who respect evidence through the wilderness of wild-horse fiction.

This son of Live Oak County, Texas, is the master of the yarn and the reminiscence. This lore, culled from obscure publications where some literate cowpoke has left his tracks or recorded from the lips of old mustangers as they sat in the shade of the mesquite, composes the meat of the book. This folklorist does not pretend to write a narrative history of the mustang, though he uses the tools of the craft including an extensive bibliography and even footnotes. Yet this book is a faithful re-creation of the mustang period. It is more than that as Dobie occasionally lectures those who are not free as mustangs. To this reviewer, who has read his books with

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*Walker D. Wyman is the author of "The Wild Horse of the West" and other books.*

*—By Charles Banks Wilson for "The Mustangs."*

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pleasure, it shows him standing on the rimrock, as did his famous stallions, with his head high and nostrils dilated, pawing the ground as he sniffs the breeze, suspicious that the enemies of freedom have been approaching him from the off-wind side.

## *Americana Notes*

**RED CAVALRYMEN:** Ernest Wallace and E. Adamson Hoebel have expertly blended anthropology and history in a fascinating book about those warriors of the southwestern plains, **"The Comanches"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $5). Lucidly written, with a minimum of ethnological jargon, they have produced a work of genuine but unobtrusive scholarship. In it one may find a full picture of the Comanche's way of life from birth to death—his food and clothing, work and play, folklore and religion, government and law, weapons and warfare. Dominating all the institutions of the "Lords of the South Plains" was the horse-buffalo complex. The horse transformed the Comanche from a weak, awkward foot soldier into a fierce, magnificent cavalryman. It also made him master of the buffalo, which filled nearly every physical want in the life of the Plains Indians. Wholesale slaughter of the buffalo finally ended the Comanches' wild, free life. General Philip Sheridan foresaw this in 1875, when he advised the Texas legislature to encourage white hunters by giving them bronze medals "with a dead buffalo on one side and a discouraged Indian on the other." When all the buffalo have been killed, he said, "your prairies will be covered with speckled cattle and the festive cowboy, who follows the hunter as a second forerunner of civilization." The general was right, of course. The Comanche warrior reluctantly came into the reservation and drew rations, and his wife became civilized in a mail-order dress.

This handsome book is a fine addition to the University of Oklahoma Press's distinguished Civilization of the American Indian Series.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

**GUARDIANS OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL:** In the 1820's a profitable overland trade began between the far western state of Missouri and northern Mexico. The wagon caravans were rarely free from trials and dangers and, in the autumn of 1828, on the return from Santa Fe, they met disaster from Indian raids. A rescue party found stragglers scattered along the trail as far as 150

*(Continued on page 39)*

**Fiction.** Since this is a bleak year for fiction, it is small wonder that there have been few first novels to excite readers or critics. "The Sin of the Prophet" (Truman Nelson), "SPQR" (Paul Hyde Bonner), "Invisible Man" (Ralph Ellison), "The Golden Hand" (Edith Simon), "Lament for Four Virgins" (Lael Tucker)—there may be others, but not many. This week it is pleasant to welcome a newcomer to the overworked field of American historical fiction who gives a finished performance in his debut and, better yet, offers a firm promise of even finer things to come. Shirley Barker reviews William Donahue Ellis's "The Bounty Lands" (on page 21). Another newcomer tackles one of the novelists' favorite themes of the year, the growing pains of adolescence, in a work that is promising but not quite mature: Daniel Doan's "The Crystal Years" (page 19). Turning from debutants to an old-timer, William Carlos Williams, whose recently published autobiography has at last brought him adequate recognition for a long and versatile literary career, has a fine new novel (below).

# *Spoliation & Redemption*

*THE BUILD-UP. By William Carlos Williams. New York: Random House.* 335 *pp.* $3.50.

By HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

WITH "The Build-Up," the third volume of his splendid chronicle of the Stecher family, William Carlos Williams's series of novels carries us into the second decade of the twentieth century. "White Mule," the first of the series, introduced us to Joe Stecher, a German immigrant, and to Gurlie, the Norwegian-American who became his wife. "In the Money" developed Joe to the point of success and presented his two children, Flossie and Lottie, two of the most plausibly characterized children in American fiction. "The Build-Up," continuing the saga of the Stecher family up until the First World War, brings this significant American novel to what one hopes is only a temporary close.

Anyone familiar with Dr. Williams's poetry alone should be prepared for the shock of non-recognition. The prose of "The Build-Up" is flat, and appropriately so, compared to the poetry of "Paterson" and to the prose of "In the American Grain." Poetry or prose that simulates it would be out of place with the Stechers; for they never say or do anything particularly wise or exciting. The excitement in the reading comes from the absoluteness of Dr. Williams's realism and from his capacity to keep ordinary events moving rapidly.

Space is pretty equally divided among Joe, his wife, and the two daughters. Joe, as the reader of the earlier novels will recall, is a sober, naively honest, successful American businessman. Gurlie, a driving woman who nevertheless manages to be delightful, pushes Joe and herself into society, runs and ruins her children. Lottie, the presumably gifted musician, and Flossie, the younger and more usual daughter, develop and have the unhappiness and pleasure one supposes is common to most children in an American family on the make. There is nothing spectacular in the actions or in those who perform them, yet one finishes feeling the reward is great because the insight is profound.

Perhaps there will be readers who will feel that "The Build-Up" is a little dull. No rapes, no murders, only one death occur in its pages. Sex and the toilet figure naturally rather than prominently. But Dr. Williams has succeeded a good deal better than Sinclair Lewis or John Dos Passos in presenting what you and I see and live but cannot express as well. The Stechers are as recognizable and as important representatives of America as ourselves and our neighbors. "The Build-Up" is experience communicated and illuminated, a solid and first-rate contribution to our comprehension of what has made the United States what it is today. It further establishes Dr. Williams's claim to be considered one of the best of contemporary writers.

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# A Golden Mist

*THE CRYSTAL YEARS. By Daniel Doan. New York: Abelard Press. 254 pp. $2.95.*

By OLIVER LAFARGE

IT IS tough luck that "The Crystal Years" should appear almost on the heels of "Sam Clemens of Hannibal," the effect of which is inevitably to make the reader compare what Mark Twain did with a small town and its surroundings in Missouri long ago, with what Mr. Doan has done with similar New Hampshire material.

New Hampshire today, Mr. Doan makes clear, has great possibilities as the setting for a novel about a boy growing up. The material is quite unlike that which a greater writer found in Hannibal, Missouri, but it is rich. New Hampshire possesses in large measure the strange, new, haunted frontier that has grown up in New England in the last few generations—the frontier of the forests through which the old stone walls still wander, the wildernesses in which wilding apples grow and foundations gape under the trees. To date, no one has given this frontier its due.

Ray Martin, creative, imaginative, lively, is projected from Boston to a small New Hampshire town at the beginning of his teens. "The Crystal Years" is concerned with his growing up and his self-discovery from then until he is on the verge of manhood. With this is interwoven the evolution of his relations with his parents.

What comes out, in the end, is a charming recital of a boy's activities in New Hampshire. The story is redolent of that countryside. Ray and his friend, Stan, get into trouble, explore, have adventures, fail and succeed in enterprises, in a credible and delightful manner. For incident, color, and action the book is most readable.

It remains a light, charming book about healthy boys. When it attempts, as the author clearly intends to attempt, the more serious task of the inner penetration of character, it falls flat. Ray at the outset has a strong creative urge, tending towards the manufacture of usable objects, and a slight weakness for dissipating this urge through imagining the end result rather than achieving it. At the end, he is a youth who finishes what he starts; he has a definite esthetic gift, and will be an architect. Unfortunately, this evolution is an exterior statement. We are not shown it.

The parents are impossible. The mother is a snob and a fool. The father is a caricature of a nineteenth-century, stern Bostonian whose principal relationship with his son is to discourage him from every boyish undertaking. Early in the story Ray learns that the surest way to have the fun taken out of anything is to let his parents know about it. His relation to his father recalls somewhat that of Amos to his grandmother at the end of "February Hill." Of him Miss Lincoln writes, "His eyes had already become, as they were to remain, secretive." The same thing should have happened to Ray Martin, but Mr. Doan is too kindly to permit it.

The parents have no apparent effect upon the boy's character. In a single impossible, intensely sentimental scene he conquers his father and makes a pal out of him. Later, he overwhelmingly demonstrates to his mother his good sense and good taste, and at the same time teaches her a lesson in democracy—at least the author thinks he does; the reader is not so sure.

We have had in the last few years a number of detailed, intensive studies of adolescents. Perhaps these books have lingered a bit overlong, perhaps their main characters have been too intensely adolescent. It's probably a good thing to have an old-style, unanalytical story of the adventures of the traditional healthy boy. Mark Twain did not bother much with fierce, internal adolescent turmoils—he contented himself with shedding genius over an entire milieu.

We can accept Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn as happily today as did our grandparents, partly perhaps because they are frankly literary figments, no matter how realistically and even autobiographically handled. But we do not any longer accept the myth of the "healthy boy" whose years from twelve to eighteen are involved with no problems more severe than those of how to earn a dollar, overcome a bully, or explore a forest. We can no longer believe that the son of unnatural parents will remain what is classically considered as natural.

*—From the jacket of "The Crystal Years."*

# Round Robin's Murder

*HONEY SEEMS BITTER. By Benedict Kiely. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 252 pp. $3.*

By ANN F. WOLFE

CASUALLY read, this third of Benedict Kiely's novels to reach our shores comes off as a smash-hit Irish murder mystery. It has all the classic ingredients stirred by a master hand into the stiff consistency of suspense and topped off by a macabre surprise. Lily Morgan, an enigmatic village beauty, is strangled in her mother's tidy cottage. The autopsy indicates a *crime passionel.* Evidence given by the two men who discover the body leads to the arrest of the pathetic wastrel to whom the dead girl was once engaged. Before the book ends the wastrel hangs for the crime and thrill-seeking readers savor, in addition, some strange tangled loves and a major shock.

But, though he handles them to the Ellery Queen's taste, murder and detectivery are not Mr. Kiely's essential concern. As he demonstrated in "In a Harbour Green" and "Call for a Miracle," his eyes are focussed on the perpetual drama of man's interior life. He never fails to be moved by the struggle between tragedy and beauty for possession of the human soul. In "Honey Seems Bitter" the tragedy wins.

Donagh Hartigan, narrator of the story and one of the two discoverers of Lily Morgan's despoiled body, is a gentle, introspective, rather pedantic weakling who is recovering from a nervous breakdown. His companion is George Butler, a handsome, big, friendly extrovert whose conquests over women are an open book to the villagers. Until George took him up, Donagh was a semi-recluse. Now he is accepted as a member of the bibulous foursome that includes Emily Rayel.

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George's fiancée, and a man-hating girl friend of Emily's.

Donagh learns all too soon that Emily is an "ice-cold provoker of desire." Attracted to George, as all women are, she has her own reason for dreading and evading his love-making. She and Donagh embark on a clandestine affair. Tipped off by a jealous woman, George follows his unfaithful fiancée and her lover to their assignation in a country hotel. The ensuing violence and horror that pull Donagh's brief happiness crashing down over his head have their roots in the death of Lily Morgan.

In springing his disillusioning shock on the reader, the author is but pointing up the truth that each man is both prisoner of and fugitive from the secrets of his heart. Emily's pitiable secret came to birth in a childhood incident. It is one of many secrets that Donagh keeps. "You're a deep one," protests George.

A mood of Joycean revolt against Irish religiosity and conventionality is the spiritual climate of Mr. Kiely's tragedy. The innocence of his peaceful countryside is booby-trapped with malevolence and crisscrossed by hatreds and jealousies. There is far less redeeming pity here than in the two earlier novels—too little, in fact—and that is an artistic blemish on the record of a top-ranking Irish storyteller.

# *Indiana Innocence*

*THE STRANGERS. By William E. Wilson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 288 pp. $3.50.*

By Kenneth S. Davis

ONE of the most readable books of the year, this novel by Hoosier author William E. Wilson is also, through five-sixths of its length, a compelling, even profound presentation of character. Mr. Wilson knows his people and he knows how to tell a story so well that few who begin it are likely to leave it before it ends. I think Mr. Wilson might agree with the painter in Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" who defined art as revelation and the artist's technique as simply one of clearing away all that obscures what he wishes to reveal. In any case, this book is written with a Tolstoyan clarity, a style whose beauties are like those of Mr. Wilson's Midwest in that they are fashioned with an austere economy of line and color. The fact that the reader reading is seldom conscious of Mr. Wilson's art is all the more remarkable in that he uses flashbacks as extensively as does Mr. Marquand, meshing them with the forward flow so skilfully as seldom to impede the latter, and without the irritation which Mr. Marquand's celebrated "technique" occasionally produces.

The story opens with Rowall Bell, whose father's people are "old family" in the small town of Amity and whose mother's are a wealthy automobile manufacturing family in Sardis, where he lives. Rowall, a rich city boy whose character is flawed by too much money, a snobbish mother, and repressed homosexuality, has his story told until his meeting with beautiful twenty-six-year-old Juliana Varnum, early in World War II; whereupon his story is dropped while Juliana's is told from her childhood as the daughter of a no-good father and a vulgar mother in Crescent City to her marriage and subsequent life with Rowall. After the war, the Bells with their infant son Brenton moved to Amity, where their lives became involved with John Darley, an historian by profession, and whose story is then told from *his* childhood up to and through the period when his life intertwines with those of Rowall and Juliana. There's no lack of revealing dramatic incident on the way; the reader comes to know these people, and a dozen minor characters, very well indeed—but only as one knows real people, in that they are never wholly predictable, often revealing unsuspected traits when placed under pressure.

The locale is obviously Indiana, refined through Mr. Wilson's imagination, and no doubt Hoosiers will derive added pleasure from identifying possible prototypes of persons and places in "The Strangers." Readers of Mr. Wilson's contribution to the Rivers of America Series, "The Wabash," will recognize in Amity the New Harmony of Robert Owen's famed experiment, and in the founder of Amity, Robert Porter, a mixture of the admirable Owen and the somewhat less admirable Father Rapp. No doubt readers of Mr. Wilson's earlier novels will also recognize many of the characters in this one, for he seems to be writing a series of interlocking tales whose total will present a completely imagined "world."

Only at the end of this present book does Mr. Wilson falter, in my opinion. It seems to me that what had been a novel in which character *is* plot becomes, abruptly, one in which plot manipulates character, with a couple of hardly credible coincidences and some lurid, almost soap-operish melodrama. Even so, you'll keep reading with rapt attention, certainly one of the highest tributes that can be paid a storyteller's art.

# *Your Literary I.Q.*

By Howard Collins

CONCERNING PICTURES AND ARTISTS

Albert W. Dowling, of Baltimore, asks you to supply the name of the author and the title of the book, play, or poem in which these situations are found. Allowing for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 41.

1. A man remains young while his portrait shows the signs of his evil and corrupt life as he grows older.
2. An artist facing blindness struggles to finish his greatest painting, a figure of Melancholia.
3. A stock broker, turned artist, deserts his family and goes eventually to Tahiti, where he does his last paintings on the walls of a room.
4. The hero, a successful artist, has a whirl at society, renounces it, and goes back to his nagging wife. He later paints his greatest pictures.
5. A young man, needing money, sells the family portraits except for one, that of his uncle. This proves a test case of his feeling and he profits later by his refusal to sell.
6. While making arrangements to marry the daughter of a count, an Italian duke shows the portrait of his late wife and discusses her faults with the count's representative.
7. The props for a modern play include a large portrait of a man and a rabbit.
8. A servant reveals that she is the wife of a deceased artist (whose paintings are suddenly in demand) and produces a portrait that he had done of her.
9. An artist in a recent novel uses his wife as his model and paints her whenever inspired to—even if it means shocking visitors.
10. A British artist watches his own funeral in Westminster Abbey, having allowed his valet's body to be mistaken for his own.

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W. D. Ellis—"a full-blooded book."

## *Successful Courage*

*THE BOUNTY LANDS. By William Donahue Ellis. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 492 pp. $3.95.*

By SHIRLEY BARKER

THIS fine first novel introduces us to two Americans who are well worth knowing. We may never hear again of its hero, Thomas Woodbridge, the runaway apprentice from Concord, Massachusetts, who invaded the Ohio country in 1799 with nothing but two stolen white pigs and a bounty warrant entitling him to a hundred acres of land, payment for his father's services in the Revolutionary War. We shall certainly hear more of its author, William Donahue Ellis, himself a veteran of the campaign in the Marianas, now a writer for radio programs and industrial motion pictures.

For Tom, his pigs, and his warrant were enough, and what he did with them made him for twenty years a leader in the frontier town of Mesopotamia, just below Lake Erie, at the edge of the Indian country. Not a leader in the conventional sense, for there never was a more perverse, stubborn, hot-headed, tough-minded citizen, striving harder against the necessary restrictions of citizenship. Tom believed every man should stand on his own two feet, could do so if other men would let him alone. Driven to the wall time and time again, he goes on proving his point, coming to terms only when he has to. He led Mesopotamia because he was the strongest man in it.

It took a strong man to make his way in the Ohio country in those days, when a man's worst enemies were not the marauding Indians or the disappointments brought about by weather and season and natural frailties of crops and hogs. His worst enemies were the speculators from the East, always on hand in store-bought clothes, with legal forms and hard money, to take advantage of misfortune and absorb the holdings of the small settler. Of these, Tom's most implacable enemy was his own father-in-law.

This is not so much a novel of adventure as a straightforward account of frontier life, crude, colorful, heartbreaking, and exultant. And if the love story is low-toned and quiet, it too shares in the strength of the whole book and has its dramatic moments—for instance, the account of how Tom and Veronica were married, the young couple on one side of the river, and the "Governor of the Squatters" holding a gun against the spine of the unwilling preacher on the opposite shore.

To the reader this will be full-blooded, genuine, satisfying book. To the critic it is a little disappointing because there seems to be nothing about it to criticize. We would have it in no way different from what it is.

## *Fiction Notes*

**TV-RADIO DERRING-DO:** There is little doubt about the authenticity of the *background* material of Lawrence Schoonover's **"The Quick Brown Fox"** (Macmillan, $3), a novel of twentieth-century adventure laid in the canyons of Madison Avenue. Mr. Schoonover lived his research for almost twenty years as advertising manager of a New York photographic firm and as copy chief and account executive at a large advertising agency known by its many initials. Unfortunately, his craftsmanship in characterization does not match his knowledge of the background.

In his three previous novels, Mr. S. wrote cloak-and-dagger tales peopled with romantic types. "The Quick Brown Fox" is peopled with contemporary local romantic types who could just as well have lived their hoping, scheming, trusting, twisting lives in medieval Trebizond. The cloak is gone, but the dagger still threatens each vulnerable back.

This fast moving ad-venture story concerns Russ Russell, the art director on the lucrative Lanolux account, who has been with a powerful advertising agency for twenty years. His story starts with what the author calls, a "triple threat": (1) The Lanolux account supervisor has just died and Russ is in line for his job. (2) Lanolux has hired a new advertising manager for the shampoo and there's no telling

(*Continued on page* 38)

## *Fiction of the Week*

So many new novels are being published this week that *The Saturday Review* has space in this issue to review only a fraction of them. Most of the others, listed below, will be given their due in coming numbers.

ADAM BRUNSKILL. By Thomas Armstrong. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4. The rivalries of two mining companies are detailed in this long, full-bodied story of nineteenth-century English life.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1952. Edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4. Continuing the O'Brien-Foley series of annual collections of notable magazine stories.

THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED. By Warren Leslie. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. Roger Lawford II, of a socially prominent family, goes over the hill from the Marine Corps.

THE BLACK EARTH. By Hans Habe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. The evolution from feudalism to Communism in Hungary.

THE BURNING MAN. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A fictional re-creation of the life of Johannes Van der Kemp, South African hero in the Napoleonic era.

CRADLE OF THE SUN. By John Clagett. New York: Crown Publishers. $3. Historical romance set in the days of the Spanish Inquisition and the conquest of Yucatan.

THE CURVE AND THE TUSK. By Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. Life among the hunters, natives, and elephants of the African jungles.

THE DEVIL THAT FAILED. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A modern parable in the Gulliver's Travels tradition: a professor awakens to find that he has become a giant.

HOMER CRIST. BY John Brick. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Portrait of a self-made businessman.

JEMIMA. By Oriel Malet. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. Seventeen-year-old Jemima Dean cuts loose from her school and family backgrounds during a Parisian summer.

MAN WITHOUT A STAR. By Dee Linford. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. A story of the Old West: small homesteader versus land-hogging dictator.

THE MASK OF A LION. By A. T. W. Simeons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A love story played against the background of a leprosarium in modern India.

MEN AT ARMS. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. The experiences of Guy Crouchback, still adolescent at the age of thirty-six, when he joins the British Army in World War II.

MRS. TIM FLIES HOME. By D. E. Stevenson. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. The heroine of twenty-five earlier novels returns to England from Kenya via Rome. Friendly, naive, gossipy fiction.

PIGS HAVE WINGS. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75. A Fat Pigs Contest is the theme of this typically Wodehousian item.

RETURN TO ITHACA. By Eyvind Johnson. New York: Thames & Hudson. $4. The Odyssey retold in modern terms by a Swedish novelist.

STORY NO. 2. Edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett New York: A. A. Wyn. $3. New short stories by new and established writers in the latest issue of this book-bound periodical.

TISA. By Helga Moray. New York: David McKay Co. $3. Blood-and-thunder tale about Tisa, a Christian girl, concubine and later wife of Sultan Keremin.

YET OTHER WATERS. By James Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. $3.75. A young writer becomes involved in the Communist movement during the Thirties.

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The Saturday Review

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# George Santayana

WITH the death of George Santayana there has vanished from the intellectual scene a sage who had come to seem as timeless as those eternal essences upon which he had meditated so long. The name of Santayana, the sound of the exotic syllables themselves, had come to hold a magic even for those who knew his books only by hearsay and the legend only of his personality: the Spaniard born and Harvard bred, the ironic poet, the philosopher at once mystical and skeptical. Even those who only dipped into his books were hypnotized by an English style exquisite and idiomatic, yet faintly foreign somehow, as if its aphoristic elegance had been well translated from eighteenth-century French, as if with its religious overtones and hieratic dignity it had been adapted from the Spanish.

The philosophers for a long time did not feel they had to take quite seriously—as a philosopher—this patrician poet and essayist. He would not condescend to the jargon of the schools, or, enormously learned though he clearly was, defend himself with footnotes. But even before they realized that they had a formidable critic and dialectician to reckon with, they—and a much larger public—had discovered that here was a writer who could not, because he transcended them, be forced into the neat academic cubbyholes of "literature" or of "philosophy." For Santayana was clearly that rarity in any age, a man of wisdom.

The reasonableness that breathed in all Santayana's works was at once strange and familiar. The familiarity came from the fact that Santayana's central themes had classical roots. "The truth of existence," he once wrote, "is always classical, if we had but the wit to see it. But immersion in our animal cares prevents us from raising our eyes. And when a rapt poet compels us to do so, we are arrested, we are rebuked, we are delivered."

Santayana's philosophy was arresting in this generation with its detachment from current conventions, philosophical and social. He said once in a sonnet, "The living have never taught me how to live." He not only was an exile everywhere in space, but in time, too. His reflections rebuked those who were the slaves of contemporary clichés, including intellectual ones. They offered a liberation, if an ambiguous one, by way of vision and of contemplation.

Santayana's wisdom always remained somewhat strange to this generation, with its insistence on liberty even from rhetoric about liberty, with its exaltation of private soliloquy in an age increasingly socialized, with its almost deliberate ambiguities and paradoxes in a time when even philosophers called for dogmas and absolutes.

Santayana seems to belong not so much in the tradition of technical philosophy (though he was both learned and adroit in it) as in that of general humane insight. He belongs on that roster which includes some philosophers, notably his own idols, Plato and Spinoza, but also the geniuses of reflective literature, like Montaigne and Matthew Arnold, and, in a way, Castiglione, author of "The Courtier," that Renaissance guide to life. And in Spain he belongs with the philosophy implicit in "Don Quixote," and in the spiritual searching of Unamuno. But the deepest sources of Santayana are in ancient Greece. His "Life of Reason" is the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle in modern dress.

Santayana's essential philosophy for all its delicate lacework of exposition and illustration is not complex. He believed that everything is material in its basis and ideal in its possible career. Here Aristotle was his teacher. "Life of Reason" was the name he gave to the whole human enterprise. Reason, he knew, is never fully realized but tentatively only in science, in religion, in society, in art. As a philosopher Santayana surveyed with sympathy and detachment man the animal and mortal creature with his precarious glimpses of eternity. (Here Plato was his master.) Religion, with its myths literally false but poetically true, expressed some of these eternities and some of men's recurrent values. Art captured them in images, science penetrated below the perpetual flux of matter.

In a later series, "The Realms of Being," Santayana pursued the themes of man's knowledge. Skeptical though man is doomed to be, his knowledge is an act of animal faith. Logic compels him to doubt; biology compels him to assume and to act. Spiritual discipline enables him to behold, gives him the liberation of "intuition of pure essence." About his later work there is, on the technical side, great debate among philosophers, and I heard Santayana himself once say that perhaps his doctrine of essence was "merely a monk's dream." There are many disputes about his own jargon, for he had one, however elegant. But there is no disputing his lonely and yet contagious wisdom, which expressed itself in his early poetry, in his novel, "The Last Puritan," perhaps most engagingly in his Dialogues in Limbo," in which a Stranger converses on the great issues with the spirits of noble pagans, including Socrates. Clearly it is Santayana who is the stranger, but one whose familiars were the spirits of the great Greeks. He will live both as a poet and a philosopher. It is hard to say whether poet or philosopher is the better name for him. The name does not matter.

—IRWIN EDMAN.

# Santayana

**By Edith Stuurman**

THE Greeks sought only what was true
and what was beautiful.
The Hebrews sought a promised land,
a city for the soul.
We worshiped quantity and size,
but, alas, we have forgot
of what enormous thing it was
we wanted such a lot.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## *The Unknown Enemy*

▶ RECENTLY I CAME ACROSS this bland (and horrifying) statement by a child "expert" and psychologist: "The American mother of today must avail herself of all the 'helps' which science is eager to offer her for the care of her children, *so that her boys may become healthy* and well-adjusted adults twenty years hence, capable of defending their country against the enemy."

Note that "the enemy" is an anonymous enemy, still faceless, still unknown, still undeclared, but the enemy—twenty years from now. Who is that "enemy"? No one knows, of course, but you can be sure that there will be an "enemy" of some sort, perfectly tailored to destroy our children and our substance in a maniacal war whose object is not yet declared. Will the "enemy" be the South American republics, or a resurgent Germany, or perhaps Tasmania, or Patagonia, or Timbuctoo? It doesn't matter, really, so long as we have an "enemy."

With the dawn of the industrial revolution, hardly ninety years ago, a new problem was posed for our "civilization": How to absorb the products and goods of our machines, thus making for full employment, the building of more factories to create more products and goods, the invention of bigger and more powerful machines to create more products and goods, *ad dementia*. No politician or statesman has come up with a sound idea, as yet, as to how all this awful impedimenta of modern life can be absorbed except by war. War seems to be the quickest and most profitable way to devour demented gadgets, and so we have wars. The human suffering and death and hatred and ruin are of no consequence, so long as the machines may be kept turning and whirling and excreting their steel products. For whose profit?

Argentina's present plight could be well utilized as an example of the horror of complete industrialization. Peron induced the farmers and their helpers to leave the land in order to work in the huge city factories. As a consequence, Argentina now is short of wheat and meat, but the infernal factories still grind out their pointless goods which no one can buy, and which cannot be exported.

But that is of no consequence. Strain the juice and grind the meat, mothers of America. Watch your baby boys carefully today, and give them every healthful advantage. They'll be needed, twenty years from now, to die in wars against the "enemy." What, in God's name, has happened to America?

TAYLOR CALDWELL.

Eggertsville, N. Y.

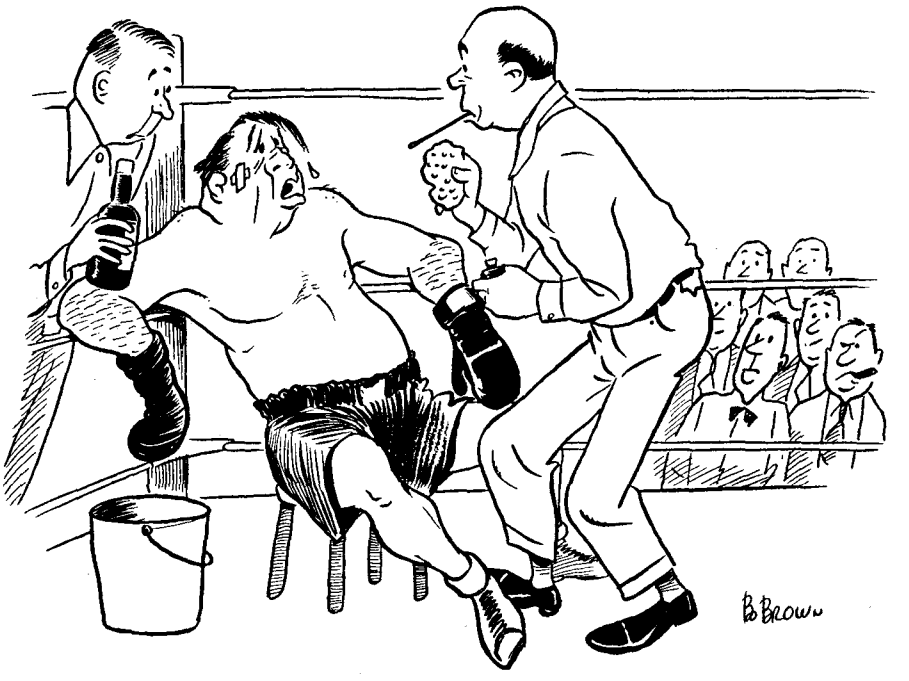
## *In Defense of Hoover*

▶ HERE IS ONE ADMIRER of Herbert Hoover who cannot sit idly by without a comment on the review by Fred Harvey Harrington of the third volume of the Hoover "Memoirs" [*SR* Sept. 27]. After insisting that Hoover's attack on the New Deal is unwarranted and overdone your reviewer in a final barb says: "The odd thing is, Mr. Hoover seems to feel that he is being objective." The odd thing, say I, is that Professor Harrington pretends to be objective and assumes that his satire will strike a popular chord.

Is it indeed so strange that the New Deal should be labeled "radical" or be coupled at times with the terms Fascism, Socialism, and Communism? A radical according to Webster's Dictionary is "one who advocates radical and sweeping changes in laws and methods of government with the least delay." Does that definition fit Mr. Roosevelt in 1932, or does it not, Mr. Historian? I will leave it to any reader who lived through the bank holiday, the NRA, etc., etc., to say whether Roosevelt was a radical and whether or not Fascist methods were employed during the Depression . . . .

CHARLES H. NEWMAN.

Ithaca, N. Y.




"Tell me one thing . . . *Who* made me the favorite?"

## *Further Examples, Wordwise*

▶ WILLIAM D. GRAMPP has written the article ["Words in Public," *SR* Sept. 20] I have long been wanting to write, and has written it better. Since I have no further use for them, I should like to put at his disposal a few of the samples of Governmental English I have culled while functioning at both the operational and policy levels. Every one of the following is guaranteed to be authentic:

". . . the value of having program originations transpire in close proximity to . . ."

"The facilitation of direct contact between corresponding groups is a prerequisite to productive working relationships."

"Disseminated by teleprinter." (Things are never sent, or distributed; they are always disseminated.)

And may I add a murrain on "public relationswise" and the whole -wise family—except, of course, like- and other-?

TED OLSON.

Mexico City, Mex.

## *Literature & Peanuts*

▶ I WAS AMAZED to see that *SR*'s editors apparently regard literary criticism in the same terms as cattle-breeding. Appended to Mr. Kittrell's review of "Giant," by Edna Ferber [*SR* Sept. 27], is a note identifying the author as "a Texan of pre-Revolutionary stock." Among other qualifications you list we find that he "operates the Texas Press Clipping Bureau, a peanut farm, and a peach orchard." If this makes Mr. Kittrell a fiction critic, I'll eat his ten-gallon hat.

HOWARD BRUMBAUGH.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Brumbaugh is right. What was intended to be a whimsical note, in somewhat the same vein as the review itself, fell flatter than a pancake. In fairness to Mr. Kittrell, we should have pointed out that he has contributed literary and historical articles to Texas newspapers and magazines for many years. Like most literary critics, he has to make his living at something more remunerative.*

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**Belles-Lettres.** In their own century and in ours Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning have fascinated great numbers of Americans. Seventy years ago it was fashionable for persons with literary pretensions to organize themselves into Browning societies and puzzle over the meanings of Robert Browning's verse. Two decades ago, thanks to Katharine Cornell's appearances in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the facts of the couple's romance, if not their work, attained wide currency. Louise Greer has now made the story of Browning's associations with this country readily accessible in a scholarly study, "Browning and America" (page 27). And Dorothy Hewlett has carefully detailed the poetess's life in a biography, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" (page 26). . . . Someone was observing the other day, after a glance at the contemporary theatre, that no other field of human activity so slight is receiving the earnest study of as many people. Louis Kronenberger's "The Thread of Laughter" (below) is a case in point. Excellent as his analysis of the comedy of manners seems to be, one wishes it were possible to test it against the reality of actual stage performance.

# *Satire & Serenity*

*THE THREAD OF LAUGHTER: Chapters on English Stage Comedy from Jonson to Maugham. By Louis Kronenberger. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 298 pp. $4.50.

By Howard Mumford Jones

THE seventeen chapters of Mr. Kronenberger's treatise, which principally concerns the comedy of manners in English, are avowedly remade from college lectures, and very good lectures they are. I do not know how much revision they have undergone, though from the lurking presence of a few colloquialisms natural in the classroom I suspect they have not been radically altered. They show us how good college lectures can be as mature, provocative, and unified discourse, and are a sufficient answer to the general uncritical abuse which the lecture method receives from "progressive" educators. Like classroom discussions and round-table sessions, lectures can be utterly vapid, but they are not usually so; and I begin with the form rather than the substance of Mr. Kronenberger's pages because he demonstrates the special excellence of the order, unity, and insight possible in the lecture when it is delivered by a competent specialist.

The substance of Mr. Kronenberger's book concerns English comedy from the Jacobean Age to the present. He is mainly interested in the comedy of manners, and for him Meredith's version of the comic spirit will suffice —that spirit humanely volleying its arrows of silvery laughter over our obtuse heads. Preoccupied with this idea, Mr. Kronenberger concentrates on the Restoration Period—eight of the sixteen chapters dealing with plays are devoted to the period—and can find nothing worth his attention between Farquhar and Oscar Wilde except Sheridan and Goldsmith. Mr. Kronenberger is no severe logician—he discusses Shaw's St. Joan, which is scarcely a comedy, and he devotes a chapter to Synge, whose admirable dramas are scarcely comedies of manners. I for one could have spared his chapters on Dryden as a comic dramatist (Mr. Kronenberger rather gives him up as hopeless) and on Mrs. Aphra Behn, who was, as the author cheerfully admits, a dramatic carpenter, if he had replaced these with a sympathetic exploration of the lesser comic writers of the eighteenth century like Murphy (surely "The Way to Keep Him" is as good as, or better than, Vanbrugh), or if he had daringly revalued Victorian plays like Bulwer-Lytton's "Money" and Victorian comic types like Boucicault's Lady Gay Sponker. However we must take Mr. Kronenberger as we find him, and we find him very good indeed.

—Mary Morris.

**Louis Kronenberger—"practical issue."**

A practical drama critic, Mr. Kronenberger discusses his plays in terms of the theatre, not in terms of theory. To be sure, he lays down the general law that the three great motives in comedy are vanity, money, and sex, but he immediately inquires how those motives can serve the playwright behind the footlights for characters speaking language appropriate to the stage. For him the supreme theatrical stylist is Congreve, whose wit purrs so smoothly that one is not always aware how sharply it bites, albeit Shaw is one of the great masters of dialogue, one of the ablest writers of prose. These are not revolutionary judgments; what is novel and exciting is Mr. Kronenberger's demonstration that style is as much a tool for the practical playwright as the placing of entrances and exits. Mr. Kronenberger's judgments on moral problems, particularly those arising from the sexuality of the Restoration men like Etheridge and Wycherly, are orthodox for our age; what is refreshing is the way he fits the moral problem into the practical issue of writing plays for an actual audience in a particular phase of cultural history.

Alas, that Mr. Kronenberger's tests of practical success in the theatre must however remain putative and imaginary! The Old Vic company is a repertory company; the state theatres of the Continent keep theatrical masterpieces alive, but in America we do not have an equivalent institution. An occasional revival of Goldsmith or Sheridan, Wilde or Shaw, a college production of Ben Jonson or Congreve—mostly those are the limits of American interest in theatrical classics. It is at least possible that the test of actual production might modify some of Mr. Kronenberger's guesses, but in the present state of the commercial theatre, probably the barest in American history, there seems little likelihood of upsetting Mr. Kronenberger. Meanwhile I can think of no good reason for upsetting him, inasmuch as he has brought to the interpretation of a score of dramatists the training and the judgment of a man skilled in the world of the theatre, however inadequate the American theatre has become today.

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*Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author of "The Life of Moses Coit Tyler" and other works, and editor of "Plays of the Restoration and the Eighteenth Century."*

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# Prodigy Into Peer

*HEMINGWAY: The Writer as Artist. By Carlos Baker. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 322 pp. $4.50.*

By Arthur Mizener

THIS first systematic study of Hemingway as a writer is a fine, sensible book, and when you think of all the possibilities for going astray about Hemingway's work and of all the irrelevant things it would be easy to write about his personality, you feel, I think, very grateful to Professor Baker for having written the kind of book he has.

He is not trying to startle the reader with "Freudian fiddle-faddle" or another trick kind of interpretation; he is trying to give precise definition to what we can all see, if only vaguely. Consequently he fixes from the start on what is certainly the essential characteristic of Hemingway's work, the way he is able to embody a structure of values and feelings in a meticulously "true" representation of "the way it was." Professor Baker makes us see how this central intention has governed Hemingway's work through all the changes and developments of the thirty years between "Three Stories and Ten Poems" and "The Old Man and the Sea." It is a considerable accomplishment. Along with it he also manages to give the reader a good deal of insight into the way it has been with Hemingway himself. Since each of Hemingway's books has been what Fitzgerald called "The Sun Also Rises," "a romance and a guide-book," Professor Baker's thorough knowledge of Hemingway's times in Paris and Africa and Spain is invaluable.

Hemingway's lifelong commitment to an ideal of fiction not unlike Eliot's objective correlative and his habit—also shared by Eliot—of disowning even the most modest interpretation of a story ("It's just something that happened to us") make interpretation of his work a very delicate matter. Every reader must, for example, have been moved by the magnificent opening of "A Farewell to Arms" and have been aware of how remarkably it succeeds in conveying, with beautiful economy, the interinanimation of life and death. Professor Baker rightly begins his account of "A Farewell to Arms" with an attempt to explain

these paragraphs. He does not, I think, wholly succeed; but what he does say is solid and sensible and gets us a good deal farther than most analyses of Hemingway's style.

Much the same thing is true of his accounts of the books as a whole. No one will agree with all Professor Baker's judgments and some will be bothered by his occasional air of putting a good face on things, as when he conveniently forgets his previous emphasis on Hemingway's brilliant surface representation in discussing "Across the River and Into the Trees." He is nonetheless talking very good sense about these things and you have to respect him.

I wish he had managed to get along without the numerous unilluminating references to writers like Pater, Ruskin, and Carlyle and his own occasional excursions into "wit." ("None but occasional modifiers are called," he says, for example, of Hemingway's style, "and only a few are chosen.") These things sound like the lecturer in a sophomore introduction to literature, and Professor Baker is far too good a man ever to sound like that. But these are minor defects in an otherwise thoroughly informed and interesting book.

*Arthur Mizener, who is professor of English at Cornell University, is the author of "The Far Side of Paradise," a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald.*

# The Loom

**By A. M. Sullivan**

TIME has a texture that is spun of light;
Where night is absolute there is no time.
The pulse grows weaker with the sun in flight;
The dark of ocean stands forever prime.

Time is the warp and light the binding woof
That tent the heavens to the farthest star
Fending oblivion from the turning roof,
Wiping the darkness from the calendar.

# Weathervane of Love

*ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING: A LIFE. By Dorothy Hewlett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 388 pp. $6.*

By William C. DeVane

IT is Dorothy Hewlett's good fortune that Elizabeth Barrett Browning was such a copious and interesting letter-writer. For out of the poet's correspondence this biography is mainly written. Miss Hewlett is again fortunate in the fact that some of this vast correspondence has been well winnowed by predecessors who have chosen telling and amusing passages, and so have set up markers along the trail. Still, I do not wish to minimize Miss Hewlett's task in preparing this biography, the tact with which Mrs. Browning's letters are rifled for the characteristic qualities of her personality, nor the skill with which the narrative is put together to tell the prose side of Mrs. Browning's life. Miss Hewlett has also drawn upon several collections of letters and manuscripts in this country and England, a good deal of which are as yet unpublished. The new materials add detail, but do not alter the main features of the portrait. Because of the extensive use of Mrs. Browning's letters, the reader gets the impression of knowing the poet intimately and closely, for there Mrs. Browning gave full scope to her rich nature in all its noble idealism, its hunger for life, its passionate impetuosity, its humor, its piety, its pride and humility, its hope and despondency, not to mention the smaller foibles of her lot and her time. It is possibly unfair to notice that Mrs. Browning is a considerably better writer than her biographer, yet that fact is forced upon us by the frequent use of quotation.

The generous and passionate nature of Mrs. Browning underlies both her poetry and her prose enthusiasms. She was essentially a partisan and espoused a great variety of causes, both good and bad. She was ardent in support of women's rights, the crusade against slavery, improving the lot of the poor, the Italian struggle for national unity and freedom, immortality of the soul, spiritualism, Napoleon III, among others. One can hardly ob-

*William C. DeVane is dean of Yale College and Sanford professor of English. He is the author of "Browning's Parleyings: The Autobiography of a Mind," "A Browning Handbook," and other works.*

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ject to her generous enthusiasms, but in her declining years, when she was afflicted by illness and morphine, the ardor of her passions shook her judgment and further undermined her health. Her poetry sometimes became shrill, and some of her acquaintances were bored. One can hardly fail to detect the malice of Landor, "eminently unsympathetic" to Mrs. Browning, when that octogenarian answered her insistence by saying that he had "quite given up thinking of a future state—he had *had* thoughts of it once, but that was very early in life." And when she spoke of spiritualism, Landor laughed so that Seymour Kirkup, who was deaf, could hear.

This biography is the prose of Mrs. Browning's life, dealing with such matters as her relations with her father and family, her husband and son, her success as an author, and her friends and opinions. The central fact about her, however, apart from her marriage to Robert Browning, was that she was a poet eminent in her time. That fact, indeed, is always present to the reader, but no really adequate analysis of her poetry is made. For example, there is a good deal of quotation from "Aurora Leigh," the major effort of Mrs. Browning's later years, but there is little of the critic's judgment upon it, in whole or in part. Elsewhere, her most grievous fault is in her rhymes, which often range from the disconcerting to the disastrous. Her study of the Greeks, moreover, did not bestow the gift of form upon her. But she occasionally reached perfection and a magnificence not often touched by other poets of her kind, as in five or six of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" or in "A Musical Instrument." This biography would have been enriched by a deeper and longer treatment of the poetry, and some comparison of Mrs. Browning's poetic achievement with other poets would have been useful.

More surprising, perhaps, is Miss Hewlett's failure to make full use of Browning's poetry from "Men and Women" for the years which were spent in Italy. Such poems as "By the Fireside," "Two in the Campagna," "One Word More," and a dozen others would have illuminated the portrait of Elizabeth; but possibly too vividly. We must be grateful, however, for the first clear and full narrative of Elizabeth Barrett's life which Miss Hewlett has given us, the first in many years. It will not correct the popular impressions of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," but it will be useful to the quiet reader who wishes to follow closely the events of a significant Victorian life.

# *New & Noteworthy*

THIS is one of the heaviest weeks of the fall publishing season. Below are listed significant books of general interest which we cannot review in this issue but which we hope to discuss at more length in the near future.

AS THEY APPEAR. By John Mason Brown. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. Essays on drama, literature, and personal matters which have appeared in *SR's* "Seeing Things."

BE PREPARED! By R. E. Cochran. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.75. The life and illusions of a Boy Scoutmaster recounted by one.

BRAIN SURGEON. By Dr. William Sharpe. New York: Viking Press. $3.75. The autobiography of a surgeon who studied under Harvey Cushing practiced in China, and is now active in New York City.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT. By George Strathearn. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $4.25. A survey of its history, present methods of operations, and possibilities for reform.

CHAMPION CAMPAIGNER. By Harold F. Gosnell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A political scientist's analysis of Franklin D. Roosevelt as a campaigner.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MAN. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. An inquiry into power politics and world government.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSIC. By David Ewen. New York: Prentice-Hall Co. $6.95. Sketches of the lives and work of leading modern composers.

CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT. By Guenther Reinhardt. New York: Hermitage House. $3.50. Soviet undercover activities in the United States, Mexico, Cuba, China, and Europe.

CROWD CULTURE. By Bernard Iddings Bell. New York: Harper & Bros. $2. A critical appraisal of the American way of life by the adviser to Episcopal students at the University of Chicago.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: A Study in Compassion. By Harnett T. Kane and Ellen Bentley Arthur. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The biography of the celebrated adviser to the lovelorn.

THE DECLINE OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA. By Hugh Seton-Watson. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $7.50. A history from the Crimean War to the First World War by a professor of Russian history at the University of London.

THE DILEMMA OF SOUTH AFRICA. By John Hatch. New York: Roy Publishers. $4. A summary of the racial issue now troubling South Africa based on material gathered during an extensive tour in 1950.

THE ERRORS OF PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Sebastian de Grazia. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. An attack on psychological and religious healing as practiced today.

I DREAMT REVOLUTION. By William Reswick. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $4.50. The "confessions" of a Ukrainian-born American citizen who was active in the Soviet purges of the mid-Thirties.

I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT. By Ernest Havemann and George Love. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. The problems of raising and educating six children.

IN THOSE DAYS. By Edouard Herriot. New York: Old and New World Publish- Co. $3.75. This first volume of the memoirs of the former French premier takes his story up to the outbreak of the First World War.

ISLAND HOME. The Autobiography of James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4. An Iowa boy who went to the South Seas and wrote such books as "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "The Far Lands."

KENTUCKY IS MY LAND. By Jesse Stuart. New York: E.P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. Homespun verse by the author of "Man with a Bull Tongue Plow."

THE MAGIC CARPET. By Shlomo Barer. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. An account of the aerial migration of the Yemenite Jews across a thousand miles to Israel in 1949 and 1950.

NO SECRET IS SAFE. By Father Mark Tennien. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A Maryknoll priest describes life under Communist rule as he observed it in China from 1949 to 1951.

OFF THE RECORD. Edited by Dickson Hartwell and Andrew A. Rooney. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Leading foreign correspondents, members of the Overseas Press Club, tell their "best stories."

TEN OPERATIC MASTERPIECES. Text by Olin Downes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10. Commentary on "The Marriage of Figaro," "Tales of Hoffman," "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," "Aida," "Carmen" "Boheme," "Tosca," "Rosenkavalier," "Love of Three Oranges," and "Wozzeck."

THE ORIGINS OF LOVE AND HATE. By Ian D. Suttie, M.D. New York: Julian Press. $4. A biological and psychological interpretation of love and hate from infancy to maturity.

OSCAR WILDE. By St. John Irvine. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. A new appraisal by the distinguished Irish critic.

PATTERN FOR LIBERTY. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $7.50. The story of Old Philadelphia in text and color pictures.

THE REBEL PRINCE. Memoirs of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3.95. The life story of the man who worked as a mechanic on the Ford assembly line in the Thirties and today is the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE CRITIC. By F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Oxford University Press. $5. Collected essays and reviews about writers and the art of writing.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE PERSON. By Gordon Keith Chalmers. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $4. A discussion of education in America by the President of Kenyon College.

ROBERT MOSES. By Cleveland Rogers. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $6. A biography of New York City's famous park and bridge builder.

SPORT CARS OF THE WORLD. By Ralph Stein. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10. Definitions, descriptions, and performance records of the principal British, French, Italian, German, and American cars.

SPORTSMAN'S COUNTRY. By Donald C. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. Random pieces on the haunts of the sportsman written in Peattie's charmingly poetic style.

THE STORY OF TREES. By Ferdinand C. Lane. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5. A compendium of arboreal lore.

TO WIN THESE RIGHTS. By Lucy Randolph Mason. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. The personal history of a woman of aristocratic background who served the C.I.O. as public relations representative in the Deep South in 1937.

WINTER IN LONDON. By Ivor Brown. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Essays, mostly historical and literary.

THE WOMAN WITH THE WHIP. By Maria Flores. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. A biography of Eva Peron.

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# *Great & Wretched*

*THE LETTERS OF HART CRANE: 1916-1932. Edited by Brom Weber. New York: Hermitage House.* 426 *pp.* $5.

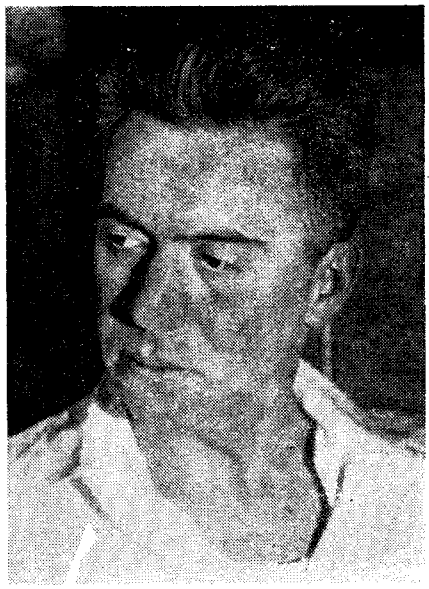
By W. T. Scott

THE real tragedies in literary history are not those writers of whom it is said they "had everything but genius": full lives and satisfactory work are often attained by them. The much rarer and really shattered lives are those of writers who had genius and nothing else: whose moments of creative force sometimes reached as high as any, but who could not sustain their work, their human relationships or, at last, life itself. Hart Crane was one of these.

Like Rimbaud and others before him, Crane of course accomplished what happier, lesser men cannot. His "Voyages," parts of "The Bridge," and a few other poems of magnificent language seem assured of permanency in our literature; they will always be discoveries, they will always be new. And perhaps his tortured existence was not too high a price to pay for that. At the least he achieved, like Keats, what he wanted; he is "among" the poets. But unlike Keats and others of the greatest poets, Crane had not the health of control without which genius is a crazy, directionless, destruction-doomed plane.

In any case, Crane's story is the terrifying one of self-destruction. Philip Horton first told it in a brilliant biography published in 1937, only five years after Crane plunged to his death in the sea. Less félicitously but with a dogged, admirable assembling of additional material, Brom Weber retold it in his biographical and critical study published four years ago. Now in Mr. Weber's edition of the "Letters" Crane, to a degree, tells the story himself.

Crane's version of his own experience is of course biased and incomplete. In the words of Mr. Weber's preface: "The fantastic distortion which blurred some people for Crane must be attributed to his insecurity, his sexual inversion, his resentment against those who could or did help him, his alcoholism, his paranoiac misrepresentation of motives and events, his hysterical existence . . . in short, to the complex of neuroses which finally burgeoned forth during the last year of his life into what was probably a full-scale psychopathic state."



Hart Crane—"moments of force."

Since Mr. Weber puts this so accurately, it is deplorable he has not annotated these "Letters" far more thoroughly. There are abbreviations and disguises and anonymities which no doubt are necessitated by the dignity of persons still living. (Like "The Letters of Ezra Pound," this book of Crane's will probably have to be done all over again sometime because it has been done too soon.) But these aside, too many names, incidents, interrelationships, are left hanging in the air. A reader familiar with the Horton and Weber biographies can frequently supply his own notes, but this should scarcely be left to him along with—furthermore—much of the proof-reading. If a "Letters" can never have self-sufficiency, it should at least strive toward it.

Yet the editing is not squeamish. Crane's disaffections and quarrels with well-known literary people, his sexual attachments, his drunken debaucheries are all recorded with frankness. More valuable still are the letters which exhibit, from callow youth to the final disastrous years, the soundness of his esthetic judgments; his personal relationships might degenerate into idiotic melodrama, but in his discussion of his contemporaries or his own poetry or poetry in general he always reveals the amazing good sense which is the property—again—of genius. These letters alone, in their creative excitements and their bold intuitions, would make this collection required reading in the lists of our literary history. Not that Crane is necessarily always "right"; but he is always right *for himself*, and he is always alive.

And then there is his own life and development and the darkening line of tragedy. "I realize more entirely every day, that I am preparing for a fine life: that I have powers, which, if correctly balanced, will enable me to mount to extraordinary latitudes." He is going on eighteen, writing to his businessman father. At almost twenty-three he writes Gorham Munson: "I feel an enormous power in me—that seems almost supernatural. If this power is not too dissipated in aggravation and discouragement I may amount to something sometime. I can say this now with perfect equanimity because I am notoriously drunk . . ." A year later: "I want to keep saying 'YES' to everything and never be beaten a moment, and I shall, of course, never be really beaten." Going on twenty-seven, trying to write his long poem "The Bridge": "At least, *at worst*, the poem will be a *huge* failure!" Presently the city is too hot, too noisy for him to write; then the country is too cold, too quiet for him to write: "A life of perfect virtue, redundant health, etc., doesn't seem in any way encouraging to the Muse, after all." The same year: "I must continue to kill myself in my own way." Then to Paris at going on thirty: "Dinners, soireés, poets, erratic millionaires, painters, translations, lobsters, absinthe, music, promenades, oysters, sherry, aspirin, pictures, Sapphic heiresses, editors, books, sailors. *And How*!" After that there remained only two more wasted years.

With vibrant intensity much of the story is here: the distraught son of a sundered marriage, Crane was a candy salesman, a drugstore and bookstore clerk, a real-estate salesman, an advertising copy writer, a gentleman's companion, an amazing but difficult friend, a drunken homosexual; also, on some occasions, a great poet.

*W. T. Scott, former book review editor of the* Providence Journal, *is the author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

# *Belles-Lettres Notes*

**BROWNING AND AMERICA:** Robert Browning and America affected each other in various ways. He found champions of his poetry in Boston sooner than in London; and since many of his American readers traveled on culture tours abroad, they visited him in Italy, where he lived with Elizabeth Barrett after their romantic marriage, and later in England, where he returned as a widower. His poetry did not meet universal appreciation either in England or America. But at least his readers were not indifferent to it: Whittier thought that reading his poetry was like "taking a bath among electric eels"; Joaquin Miller set up three stone monuments on his hill overlooking the Pacific—to Gen-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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# Broadway Postscript

## LOVE WITHOUT WALTZES

ARTHUR LAURENTS finds himself in the unenviable position of being one of a quartet of dynamic American playwrights in their thirties whose every play is a dissappointment if it falls short of being "great." In the case of the two senior members, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, the mantle of greatness was not placed on their shoulders until their second play had been produced, but with William Inge ("Come Back, Little Sheba") and Laurents the label was trotted out after their first efforts. "What a romantic attitude to have toward art," complains the thirty-four-old Mr. Laurents. "It's even more ridiculous in my case because it was based on 'Home of the Brave,' which the critics originally panned and which was a financial failure as well. However, it made a successful movie and was later anthologized by John Gassner, and now everyone thinks of it as a terrific hit. Actually, I don't think you can evaluate a writer until he has produced a substantial body of work—at least seven plays, and I know now that I shouldn't sit down every time to write the great American play, but should just write plays about things which interest me."

The same romantic attitude which Mr. Laurents finds on Broadway he detects in all American thinking whether it be politics or art. (By "romantic" he means something like Havelock Ellis's definition "to seek for the beauty that is far away and miss the beauty that is close by.") This process he believes leads to frustration and insecurity which manifests itself in such forms as "the hiding of our emotions behind jokes, our inability to believe in very much but the tangible, and the constant fear of being taken."

In his latest play, "The Time of the Cuckoo," he has included these traits in the personality of Leona Samish, an American old maid (played by Shirley Booth) who hopes to find everything she's missed on a vacation in Venice, and demonstrates how romanticism can spoil even love. This he also shows in a younger and prettier version of Leona, June Yaeger, a wife who throws her love at her husband in order to insure herself of his love as a moral obligation rather than a true expression of his feelings. The playwright had a line in the play (which unfortunately had to be cut because it didn't fit into the scene) in which Fioria, an Italian woman, exposes both Leona and June:

> These two with their children's games. She stands on top of a tower screaming in her blood: love me! Not —I love *you*. Love *me*, want *me*, give *me*! From the day I opened this pensione, I heard that cry; O how I give! Give love, give food, give money, give myself. You know how crazy ones say everybody else is crazy? These givers are takers! They give only in exchange, only if they are insured they will give—and that is taking. Greedy children —they end with not a goddam thing.

Since the play involves adultery there may be many who will believe that Mr. Laurents is advocating promiscuity. However, he insists that making such moral judgments is not the playwright's business and that all he can do is present the situation as truthfully as he can. Personally he is all in favor of fidelity when it is not based on illusion or obligation. Again he cites a line of Fioria's (this one still in the play) in which he expresses the way practical people can live:

> I make myself see what is here and now—I accept it pleasant or unpleasant—and then I try to make it a little sweeter, a little closer to what I would like it to be.

"This doesn't mean, however, that a wife is better off knowing about her husband's infidelity. Myself I would not want to know unless it was going to have a serious effect on our relationship. I do think, though, and this applies to Leona in the play, that if a woman is going to punish herself with guilt feelings for having had an affair with a married man, it is unrealistic for her to have it. On the other hand, being an incurable romantic, maybe she will grow to remember only the part she wants to and be therefore free to repeat the pattern. The original ending more or less indicated that, but the audience had to reason it out for itself and it didn't work. Now we've put in a new ending in which she demonstrates emotionally that she has learned something from her experience which may make her future relationships with men less frustrating than they were in the past."

Arthur Laurents—"unenviable position."

LEARNING to resolve action emotionally rather than intellectually is perhaps the major playwriting lesson this dramatist has absorbed in the course of seeing four of his plays produced on the stage. "In 'Home of the Brave' (1946) I ended up with a long scene between a soldier and a psychiatrist. That is the way it would have happened in real life, but I can see now that it was not completely satisfying dramatically. From 'Heartsong' (1947) I learned not to rewrite whenever somebody else told me to. Now I only rewrite when I'm convinced inside that something's wrong. And from 'The Bird Cage' (1949) I learned not to have too many major characters. You've got to be rooting for one."

The New York-born writer has always written good dialogue, but he claims that any skill he has in that direction comes from listening to people in plays or reading plays rather than imitating the talk of people in real life. "Stage talk is different and has a different rhythm from talk you hear in the street," says Mr. Laurents.

What bothers him most about playwriting is the seeming lack of relation between the plays playwrights admire and the plays that do best on Broadway. He is tormented, too, by the out-of-town tryout experience, where you've done everything you can to make it as right as can be, but it still isn't coming off the way you want it on the stage. He considers this last inevitable because the playwright sees his characters looking and talking in a certain way, and of course it is never possible to find actors who exactly fit the playwright's image. "I wish it were possible for the play to come out about 75 per cent of what the playwright meant so that if it failed the writer could blame nobody but himself. But as a rule it comes out about 40 per cent."

Because he wrote "The Time of the Cuckoo" with Shirley Booth in mind he has had an advantage this time. "Right now I'd say it's about 50 per

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cent of the way I meant it. If we had more time out of town I know we could hit 75. In fact, I think we have a good chance. It all depends on the drunk scene. We're asking Shirley to go beyond the technique she has already established herself in, and that's tough. But it's improved tremendously since Wilmington and with eight more days in Philadelphia I haven't given up hope."

Mr. Laurents will know when it's right because the audience will stop laughing at certain lines. "I hate them when they laugh at Shirley's story about the instalment men coming to take away the dining-room furniture on the day of her birthday party," says the playwright. Arthur Laurents didn't say so, but it was clear that he considered the laughter at a moment when they should have been moved as just one more symptom of the romanticism that "The Time of the Cuckoo" is talking about.

—HENRY HEWES.

## *Drama Book Notes*

**NEW CHINESE CUSTOMS:** Those people who, along with many in our Government and military, have made the mistake of regarding China as "an immovable, unchangeable giant . . . always as it was yesterday before the impact of Western civilization," may be interested in reading a couple of recent books by authors who believe that even such deep-rooted functions as its theatre and its festivals are changing. Jack Chen in **"The Chinese Theatre"** (Roy, $2.50) describes the classical theatre as "not merely a place of entertainment, but a place of instruction," and adds that actors such as Mei Lan-fang are now revising classical plays with revolutionary implications. He also depicts the Western-style theatre as devoting itself primarily to plays of social reform. Finally, he discusses the most recent innovation in Chinese drama, the development of Yangko folk dancing into a theatrical art form in which the audience participates. Mr. Chen appears a highly partisan writer and his book may rankle Americans who are, after all, at war with the element in China he most admires.

A more objective book is Dr. Wolfram Eberhard's **"Chinese Festivals"** (Schuman, $2.50). Yet he, too, reports the shifting ways of such traditional celebrations as New Year's, the feast of the souls, and the other colorful Chinese festivals. The book is rich in folklore and in the feeling that these festivals have always been changing "as an expression of adaptation to new social situations."

—H. H.

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The book contains 150 pages . . . and weighs a bit over one pound.

To go a little beyond the bare statistics: the words were written by such writers as James Michener, Clifton Fadiman, John Kobler, Debs Myers, Phil Stong, Joe McCarthy, Clifford Dowdey, Norman Katkov.

The subjects range from the newest Bargain Paradise (Peru) to the Oyster, to the White House, to the Ballet in America, to the Mystery of Angkor, to the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. A prodigious amount of planning, research, traveling and talent has gone into the November issue.

The cost of all this is 50 cents. Quite a buy, *quite* a *buy*.

# *SR Goes to the Movies*

## OUT OF THE MAGIC BOX

*—From "The Magic Box."*

Director John Boulting and Sir Laurence Oliver—"unaccustomed 'bit players'."

LAST year an impressive group of England's leading film makers contributed to the Festival of Britain a long and ardent tribute to one of their own pioneers, William Friese-Greene, a little-known inventor who was the first, the British say, to discover the secret of making photographs move. Their star-spangled salute, "The Magic Box" (Mayer-Kingsley), is here now and proves to be far less concerned with tendentious priorities than with the personality of a talented and undervalued man.

To tell the story, Eric Ambler has arranged a curious but effective series of flashbacks. This treatment makes for a smoother picture than you might expect. Friese-Greene made his bid for greatness early, then spent the rest of his days seeing himself crowded out further and further. By juxtaposing his two crowning moments, the achievement of a moving picture and his last exhortation to those who were profiting from it, Ambler has devised a sensible and satisfying means of overcoming nature's faulty dramaturgy. Robert Donat is brilliant as the inventor, spanning fifty years in the man's life with conviction at every point. Margaret Johnson and Maria Schell all but equal him as Friese-Greene's two luckless wives, while some sixty smaller roles gain stature for being performed by such unaccustomed "bit players" as Sir Laurence Olivier, Margaret Rutherford, and Dame Sibyl Thorndyke.

* * *

The French import "Savage Triangle" (Burstyn) is the kind of picture that could never be made in this country, being the story of a prostitute and the rearing of her eleven-year old boy. Their life together is shown without a trace of sentimentality and with no attempt at moral judgment. She loves her boy, but pursues her calling quite oblivious to its effect on the increasingly jealous, uncomprehending child. Even when, in a rage, he tries to shoot one of her admirers, the mother is still at a loss to understand his behavior. The people of Marseilles—and director Jean Delannoy—accept this woman completely for what she is. It is her lack of good judgment, her blind love for a weak and corrupt man, that brings about her final tragedy, not her lack of morals. All of this is stated flatly, somberly against a setting of the back-alleys and cafes of Marseilles, the wind off the sea bringing the only hint of a freer, cleaner life for any of them.

Madeleine Robinson, Frank Villard, and little Pierre Michel Beck head a cast that at all times seems to be living the sordid, mundane lives of this sordid, mundane story.

* * *

Behind the rather unfortunate title "A Father's Dilemma" (Davis) is one of the brightest, jolliest Italian comedies ever produced. Directed and written by the team that made "Four Steps in the Clouds" a few years back, Alessandro Blasetti and Cesare Zavattini, this strongly resembles those early René Clair farces in which all the characters are hastily introduced, then rush headlong into a

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scramble that is never completely untangled until the final frame. Here a hot-tempered father, skilfully played by Aldo Fabrizi, sets off early one Easter morning to find out why his little girl's communion dress has not been delivered. He picks it up himself, but on the way home can't resist getting involved in a street brawl—and loses the dress. The rest of the picture is concerned with his frantic efforts to find another, to delay the Easter services at the church, and to keep one amorous eye on the sultry lady who lives across the courtyard from him. The comedy is often quite broad, but as the film progresses its people grow more and more likely, more and more likable, and by the time the end comes around we feel a genuine pleasure that everything has turned out so well for each of them. Zavattini repeatedly points his moral—that a little human kindness and consideration goes a long way—by inserting hilarious tidbits that show how things might have been if our irascible hero had only acted differently.

* * *

Despite the proven box-office stamina of Jan de Hartog's comedy "The Four-poster" (Columbia), Stanley Kramer's purchase of the screen rights about a year ago seemed ill-advised. Now that the picture has been completed, it seems even more so. The chief distinctions of De Hartog's domestic saga were its two characters and its single set, virtues that would obviously commend the play to any theatrical producer. On the screen, however, they appear essentially false, arbitrary, and claustrophobic, at basic variance with the film medium. Scene after scene cries aloud for supporting players, for something to carry us away from those four walls and that ever-present bed. To some extent Mr. Kramer and the director, Irving Reis, have bowed to that demand. They have called in the skilled cartoon outfit UPA (creators of "Gerald MacBoing-Boing") to provide a series of stylized entr'actes that are charming, witty, and effective in tying together the six episodes that make up the film. Unfortunately, their effect doesn't last quite long enough, while Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer are so terribly Continental that they rob the piece of all the period Americana that the UPA inserts convey.

* * *

We are a little late in getting around to two superior thrillers, both of which warrant your attention when they come your way. One is "Sudden Fear" (RKO), with Joan Crawford as a successful lady playwright and heiress who discovers, quite by accident, that her husband plans to murder her for her money—but who does not know when or how. The tension mounts as Crawford plans a counter-attack, mounts higher still as her little plan begins to go awry. Filled with the kind of visual tricks that used to be labeled the Hitchcock touch, the action crackles even when the story creaks. Crawford acts her utmost, and Jack Palance as the husband lends conviction to a part that needs it badly. . . . "The Stranger in Between" (U-I) is the other, a film that takes a fairly ordinary plot and richens it with warm human relationships. A jealous husband slays his rival, then discovers a runaway boy at the scene of the crime. To protect himself, the man takes the waif along with him. As they make their way toward the Scottish Highlands, a strange rough affection springs up between the two, so much so that even though the man is a killer you find yourself hoping he won't be caught for the boy's sake. Dick Bogarde is fine as the man on the run, but it is little Jon Whitely who makes the best possible use of every scrap of footage allotted him. And since Master Whitely must be all of six, you may be sure that no small share of the credit for his wholly appealling performance must go to the director, Charles Crichton.

—Arthur Knight.

## *SR Recommends*

*The Magic Box:* Reviewed in this issue.

*A Father's Dilemma:* Reviewed in this issue.

*The Promoter:* Alec Guinness scores once again, this time in an adroitly paced adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "The Card."

*O. Henry's Full House:* A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13).

*Beauty and the Devil:* The Faust legend imbued by René Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

*The Quiet Man:* John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

*The Big Sky:* An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

*Ivanhoe:* A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

*Carrie:* An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

*High Noon:* A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

*Outcast of the Islands:* Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)


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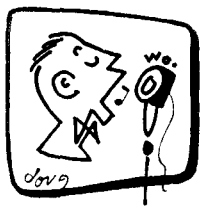
# TV and Radio

## THE GREAT AMERICAN HANDSHAKE



THE season which has just ended, the doldrums or summer replacement period, is dedicated to the proposition that if the American people are fools enough to look at television in the summer, they deserve whatever they get.

It was toward the end of this season that a used-car-dealer was introduced as a contestant on the program called, hopefully, "Up to Paar." He put out his hand and found Mr. Paar's hand which was not exactly extended to him, but was somewhere in the vicinity. As their hands finally met, Mr. Paar announced the usual questions—that is to say, he enunciated the words of the questions to us, the viewers, but apparently he intended the contestant to answer them. At this point an extraordinary event occurred: in spite of the fact that Mr. Paar was averting his face, the contestant obstinately turned to him as he gave his name, state-affiliation, and profession. Mr. Paar firmly gave him a half-hitch, using the handshake as leverage, so that now neither man was actually looking at the other. On the next question, the used car dealer, a man of exceptional candor about his profession and apparently brought up in the tradition of looking at the person you are talking to, turned again to Mr. Paar. I am not sure, but it seemed to me that Mr. Paar took a half-nelson on him at this point and twisted him around. I *am* sure of his words. He said, "The camera is out there." From that moment on the contestant was like a boy in a 1907 photographer's studio; he stared straight ahead, fixed in a vise; he no longer attempted to talk to Mr. Paar, but went into a speech to us.

Contestants are usually so knowing about the techniques of television that they do not require this kind of coaching, and when they do the Godfreys and Dalys and Parkses have different methods of overcoming the old-fashioned habit of looking with confidence upon the face of a friend. I feature the Paar incident only because it provided a moment of high tension when it seemed that the citizen was actually going to insist upon his inalienable right to look upon the countenance of the person he was talking to. When he failed I marked the end of an era which began around 1937, got a name in 1950 ("the Chicago School"), and will return—I suspect—in 1957. It was the era of illusion; the illusion was that television could tell the truth about people.

They found out in Chicago that it isn't easy, but they kept on trying. Two or three years ago Ben Park produced a program of actuality: the cameras were moved into a living room of nonprofessional people who were then asked (only they had to be urged) to go about the normal course of their lives. It was not a successful project, but it had the experimental, the "I Will" spirit of Chicago. Three other originations in that city had something of the same quality: the relaxed, partially ad-libbed Garroway show; the easy, enchanting, planned, but verbally spontaneous "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie"; and the unique "Studs Place" serial, which listed producer and director credits at the end and then showed a card which said, "Dialogue by the cast." Within the framework of a prepared plot "Studs Place" actually used the technique of improvisation, exactly like the ancient *commedia dell'arte;* the cast—knowing what it had to say—was completely free as to how to say it.

Garroway is still relaxed, but his technique was found out of place in a variety show; Kukla, Fran, and Ollie have had ups and downs; "Studs Place" was never a huge success in the East. The easy approach, the simple faith that human beings in their natural habitat would interest human beings, the use of the television camera as a revelation of actuality—all were tested in the experimental days of television in New York and elsewhere, all were given a chance in Chicago, all have apparently failed.

The astounding thing is that parallel to this a great deal of fiction in TV has edged toward a sensible kind of realism; in the half-dozen best dramatic programs, the sense of life, which only art can deliver to us, does occasionally come off. It is when television touches real people that it becomes false.

The situation isn't without irony and it isn't without hope. The irony lies in the comparative powers of radio and television. In radio, "Blind Date" was a run of the mill program in which, on occasion, the accent of truth was heard, the contestant stammering or too voluble, reverting to hill-billy accent or going quite dumb; for the pitiless light and the searching camera of television, the contestants were so obviously rehearsed in their lines that they lost all semblance of people, they might as well have been professionals. The hope is that programs do, somehow, correct themselves. The worst offender in radio days, "We, the People," in which the profoundest stress of emotion was always marred by people stumbling over the lines given them to read, has again and again done re-enactments which caught the spirit of the original event. The animosities of a political campaign have often given life and spirit to interview programs, so palpably framed and false in their vacuous charm. And on "What's My Line?" (which isn't false, but rigid in its formula) the panelists once guessed the occupation before the questioning began while on "Twenty Questions" the MC gave the answer once before the panel could ask "animal, vegetable, or mineral."

But it isn't all wine and roses. What are we to make of a program false in premise, foolish in tone, and at least technically degrading to its participants: "This is Show Business." The problems brought to the wise showmen are the equivalent of Betty Grable asking how to publicize (or, for a terrific twist, how to avoid publicizing) her legs. It wasn't much of an idea to start with and the program early turned into a half-hour of solos some good, some fairly good. After each act, the panel goes into its routine, an anecdote from Sam Levenson, a caustic remark from George S. Kaufman, and so on. They are good people, obviously gagged by the phoney atmosphere of the program. At the head of it is Clifton Fadiman, the nimble-witted, intelligent, drily sympathetic MC of radio's "Information, Please," who three or four times each Sunday night is compelled to smirk out the stalest of all phrases after he has listened to the fake problem and has to get the talent to do its stuff—"But first. . . ."

I SAID there were signs of hope. A few weeks ago Mr. Fadiman rebelled. Still smiling, but with a little iron in his voice, he said to a guest, in effect, "Your problem was a fake, wasn't it?" The guest said "Yes."

At that moment all the experiments of the pioneer days in television and all the efforts of the Chicago school justified themselves. Two people, neither of them saying anything of peculiar interest or importance, came to life, emerging from the limbo of the fake. It was sensational. It would have been even better if this had been the beginning, and not the end, of the act.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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# Music to My Ears

## ORMANDY AS PROFESSOR—BARTOK-RAVEL DOUBLE BILL

PHILADELPHIA is barely a post-breakfast snooze across Jersey from New York but the enterprise which drew me there on a recent day showed an esthetic gulf in the operation of the orchestras of the two cities vastly larger than the distance between them. As an example of community pride rather than the rather routine professionalism that animates (if that is the accurate word) the work of the Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra's pre-season seminar in conducting under Eugene Ormandy's guidance was especially fruitful, since the community in this instance was the general musical one of America.

At hand were nearly thirty youngish conductors of community orchestras across the land. A dozen were chosen, more or less by lot, to show their wares as practising conductors in rehearsals with the Philadelphia Orchestra, while Ormandy stood by, made notes, and observed results. Then, together with some thirty other conductors present as observers, the results were openly discussed, suggestions were offered, and the general problems of pursuing such a career laid on the table and dissected.

Unquestionably the results were beneficial, for all the participants learned something of value. Whether the participation of the Philadelphia Orchestra itself was just what the situation demanded might be questioned. It took this great orchestra most of a day to forget how to play the "Meistersinger" Overture of Wagner magnificently and to play it just as some of the less experienced young men directed. As an example of iron will, this ranks high in my experiences of observation. But it was evident that the characteristic temper was that which might prevail were a high-school dramatic student asked to play a love scene with Lana Turner—enthusiasm tempered by respect.

The few that got down to brass (and woodwind) tacks showed that there is latent talent scattered around the land that could be developed. Also that they would profit mightily from the counsel and criticism of Ormandy. But I think that the vast good will that animated this experiment conceived by Harl MacDonald, manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Mrs. Helen Thompson, of the American Symphony Orchestra League, should—and probably will—evolve another and more effective formula to carry on an excellent work well begun.

* * *

"Bluebeard's Castle" is a one-act opera by the Béla Bartók of 1911 which has haunted us from the textbooks as a possibly neglected masterpiece. "L'Heure Espagnole" is a one-act opera by Maurice Ravel which has come and gone often enough for us to know that it is no major masterpiece, but a sound little theatre work worth an occasional revival. The combination on a recent City Center bill was an intellectual antidote for "Cav" and "Pag" which will hardly break box-office records but was eminently worth doing.

Cleverly staged by John Butler in an imaginative framework by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, "Bluebeard's Castle" had every opportunity to make an effect. Butler even took the liberty of adding a danced figure described as "Judith's Inner Self" to simulate an activity not contained in the long dialogues of Bluebeard (James Pease) and Judith (Ann Ayres). Much more of the symbolism of the seven doors was spelled out than was contained in the original plan, and an English text was provided to give the venture every opportunity to make its effect.

What defeated it, in the final analysis, was the turgid flow of the score, its leisurely progress from point to point, its lack of theatrical incisiveness and economy. Beauty it has in abundance, but at scattered moments; it also has a choppy vocal line derived from a post-"Pelléas" technique that lacks the savor of the original. Much of what the orchestra does foreshadows later tendencies of Bartók, but its attention-absorbing power is not sufficient. I have rarely seen Pease do as good a job as he did of Bluebeard (with an actual, visibly blue beard) and Ayres was excellent as Judith.

The lighter colors of "L'Heure Espagnole" might have been a dazzling success given such a conductor as Jean Paul Morel to mix the tints. Tullio Serafin's taste dictated rather majestic tempos and broad brush strokes that slowed down but did not bring to a halt the high-spirited cast, of which Gail Manners, a newcomer, was an especial pleasure. Her Concepción, both ardent and impatient, was also delightfully sung, with an accent of youth decidedly welcome. Walter Cassell's *muletier*, David Lloyd's poet, and

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Carlton Gauld's financier were likable in their several ways. Ter-Aruntunian's visual frame for this work was singularly successful.

* * *

"The Harvest According," which the Ballet Theatre gave for the first time early in October at the Metropolitan, is a dance work many, many levels above the average. Agnes de Mille's choreography takes a mature view of the mature thought expressed in Walt Whitman's "Life, life is the tillage and death is the harvest according." Virgil Thomson's score is an elaboration of his peculiar talent bordering on genius for making an "American sound" with an orchestra, and Lem Ayres's scenery and costumes are definitely first rate.

The totality, however, does not impress me to be as good as it can be. What De Mille is saying to us is that man is born of woman's pain and leaves pain behind in his fatalistic absorption with battlefields. Childhood games and adolescent courtship are bright, but evanescent, interludes between. Throughout, the group dances are more powerfully realized than the episodes involving the principals (Gemze de Lappe, Ruth Ann Koesun, and Kelly Brown, all excellent). Each of the threads they represent is a rich one, but it did not strike me that they have been drawn through tightly enough to make a decisive pattern.

However, "The Harvest According" has the advantage of an excellently atmospheric, worth-hearing-several-times score, derived from a variety of Thomson works including his cello concerto. It would surprise him, no doubt, to learn that some of his procedures suggested Richard Strauss; less, I think, that some others suggested Charles Ives. But it has a strictly Thomsonian texture throughout, and a way of using brass strongly New, rather than Old, World. Ballets, after all, are made, not born; and "The Harvest According" needs no more than incidental remaking to give it a continuous force it now lacks.

—Irving Kolodin.

## *Record Week*

The time would never come, I thought, when one would go on record in favor of the Ur-texts of the Arthur Sullivan overtures "Iolanthe," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Yeoman of the Guard," not to mention the more familiar "Mikado" and "HMS Pinafore") in preference to such a glorified potpourri as Charles Mackerras made in "Pineapple Poll." But then, it never seemed a time would come when these works would be played for all they are worth by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, and recorded with a full complement of RCA Victor skills (LM 7006, $4.67).

This may be described as a super-Godfrey (Isidore, not Arthur) production, in which the spirit is pitched beautifully between under- and over-excitement, with all the tonal values in place, and no scratching of the head to determine which elevation of the brow is proper for your typical Savoyard. Fiedler merely plays them with all the art at his command and the results are winning indeed. Listen, for example, to the clean trumpet solo in "Pirates" or the delightful flutes in "Iolanthe" and you'll have to agree that no performance is too good for music worth performing.

In a more familiar pattern of orchestra virtuosity is the collection of Rossini overtures on London LL 358 ($5.95) in which Eduard van Beinum puts the Amsterdam Concertgebouw through the paces of "Scala di Sieta," "Semiramide," "Guglielmo Tell," and "La Gazza Ladra." This is sumptous execution and practically a paragon of reproduction, but there is more suavity and definition in Toscanini's versions of the same works, and a substantially livelier spirit in the Beecham treatment of same. Van Beinum, it appears, is a conductor who can do almost anything nearly as well as anybody else; but, so far, not very much better than everybody else. Not Rossini, for sure, though this is a splendidly produced disc in every way but the indefinite integer of "style."

In prospect, that same element seemed the one likely to be lacking in Joseph Keilberth's performance with the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, on Capitol 8164 ($4.98) of the "Leonora No. 3" and "Coriolanus" overtures, and the "Egmont" with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. However, there is nothing like a recorded performance to encourage an objective judgment: and the listening test was in favor of Keilberth's musicality.

Though the works are soundly played, it is clear that each exists in a more satisfying version than Keilberth provides. As for recorded quality, it is quite adequate without verging on real distinction. If there is anything uncommon about this venture as a whole, it is the unexpectedly good quality of the Bamberg Symphony, considering the modest size of that Bavarian town. —I. K.

## BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 27*)

eral Frémont, the prophet Moses, and Robert Browning. If America did not influence his poetry directly, it made him a warm Ameriphile; like most people he did not dislike flattery. In the 1880's, when his growing number of readers found his poetry obscure, Browning societies were organized to dig out the meaning embedded in his crusty verse. What has happened to that kind of earnest reader today? He probably takes courses in universities, reads the critical quarterlies (to dig at the digging).

Louise Greer has written an odd kind of book on all this, one that combines biographical, social, literary, and publishing history: **"Browning and America"** (University of North Carolina Press, $4). Occasionally her writing is bumpy, when she has not melted her data smoothly. She succeeds, certainly, in illuminating much in Browning and in the cultural temper of America in his time.

—Robert Halsband.

**PROSE OF A LIBRETTIST:** Hugo von Hofmannsthal is best known to the general reader—or more properly, to the general opera-listener—as the librettist for Strauss's enchanting "Rosenkavalier" and terrifying "Elektra." His claim to greater literary importance lies in his varied and voluminous writings, which will fill fourteen volumes when collected. A new and representative selection, translated by Mary Hottinger and Tania and James Stern as **"Selected Prose"** (Pantheon Books, $4.50), consists of narratives of various lengths, essays on travel (in Greece and northern Africa) and on literary topics (Shakespeare, Balzac, Wilde), and concludes with a group of mixed maxims. The essays are easily the most interesting of the varied pieces, for despite a tiresome concern with esthetics and introspection (which deaden much of the narrative) they often strike off fresh ideas and images, and often suggest a mythic resonance that is unforced.

The narratives, especially the long fragment of the novel "Andreas," are so beclouded with symbolisms and mythicisms and weighed down by stage-costuming that they lose whatever tension might have held the reader. One brief piece, however, entitled "Lucidor," is a happy exception —it is an unpretentious comedy of witty intrigue, and deals with sentiment and humor in a completely successful compass. (It is the basis for

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"Arabella," the last libretto von Hofmannsthal wrote for Strauss.) The volume has been excellently edited by the late Hermann Broch, who also contributed a lucid and wide-ranging introduction to it. —R. H.

**GIANT WITH THE BLUE OX:** To lumberjacks of past days who kept the name Paul Bunyan alive by word of mouth, he served as a peg for tall tales in the Munchausen tradition; to juveniles the Paul Bunyan exploits are the nearest thing to those of Superman; to scholars Paul Bunyan and his adopted companion Babe, an out-sized blue ox, presents a complex problem—hoax, diffusion of myth, or genuine American folklore material? In Carl Sandburg's words "the bookless people, they made Paul and had him alive long before he got into the books for those who read." It is this transition from the bookless to the bookish, from oral tradition to written versions, that receives detailed treatment in Daniel G. Hoffman's **"Paul Bunyan: Last of the Frontier Demigods"** (University of Pennsylvania Press, $4.50). Mr. Hoffman rounds out his folklore study with pertinent discussions of the way modern poets like Frost, Sandburg, Auden, and Untermeyer have adapted the Bunyan material in varying ways.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

**JANE'S MOST PERVASIVE MOOD:** The Janites are a growing sect of readers who enjoy the perspicuous humor of Jane Austen's novels. There is even danger of their idolizing her to the point of Janolatry. Marvin Mudrick does not run that danger in his new book, **"Jane Austen, Irony as Defense and Discovery"** (Princeton, $5), for although he recognizes her great merits, he is aware of her limitations as he keenly dissects her work in order to illustrate what he thinks is her most pervasive mood. That mood is irony, defined here as the discrimination between being and seeming. In exercising that approach, Jane Austen had a kind of detachment toward her materials, using it as an attack against the lachrymose novel, the Gothic romance, middle-class morality; and—as Mr. Mudrick shows—she began before her death to discard it in favor of a less equivocal realism.

His study is exceptional for several reasons. He writes with such close reasoning and fresh expression that the reader must constantly be alert, for the analysis is intensive and entirely free of literary platitude. And certainly the book is not an introductory one; it is for the reader of Jane Austen who has digested and pondered the novels, and is ready now to see them in a new, significant perspective.

—R. H.


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## FICTION

(*Continued from page* 21)

what type of ad he likes: art (meaning drawings) or photography. (3) The agency is about to present an advertising campaign for Lanolux's new shampoo, which, if accepted, will bring in two million dollars worth of new billing ($300,000 in commissions). Bill Gray, his assistant, tries every unscrupulous method of discrediting Russ with Lanolux and the new advertising manager, in order to climb over his corpse into the desired job.

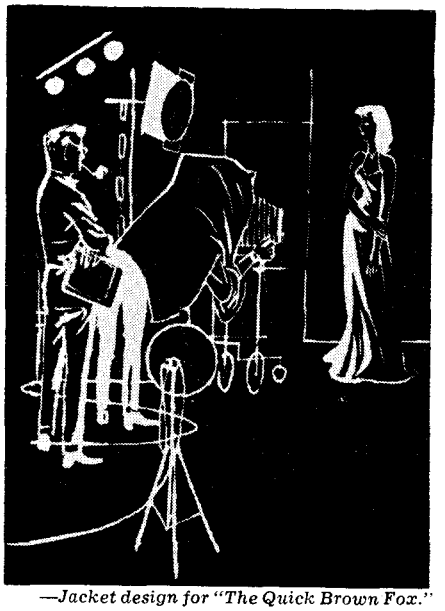
Since Mr. Schoonover's characters are not individuals but types, their typical fates match the cliché names he has given them. The hero is vindicated and promoted after suffering mutely through his Connecticut Christmas week-end. The villain is unmasked and disposed of. The wronged ex-virgin is extricated from her shame by an accidental miscarriage and is sent to Hollywood to be discovered. Life really isn't like that, but neither is it like the books written about the advertising business.

—CAROLINE BURKE.

**RACE PROBLEM:** What happens when a conservatively brought up middle-class boy falls in love with a Negro girl? Plenty of unpleasantness is the not unexpected answer provided by Eugene Brown in **"Trespass"** (Doubleday, $2.25). For the most part he handles his somber story with taste, tenderness, a nice feeling for his characters and for his Harlem setting, and a superb handling of the colorful dialogue of the hipster. It's on the level of social understanding of his problem that I think he fails to contribute much. By narrowly emphasizing the sexual activity of his characters, their drinking, jiving, and marijuana smoking he produces a novel with some shock power but one which in the end diverts our attention from the very real problems of race relations to one aspect of them. This aspect—the sexual relationship—is relatively unimportant in reality despite the publicity given to it. I fear Mr. Brown's book will only add fuel to the fires of prejudice.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

**THE MAN AT THE GUILLOTINE:** Sensationalism is the key word for H. M. Mons's technicolored dramatizaction of the life of Charles-Henri Sansom—who became execrated as Monsieur de Paris, the executioner of Paris under the Bourbons and then under Robespierre. Enough blood is spilled on the pages of **"The Sword of Satan"** (McKay, $3.50) to make Mickey Spillane pale with envy, and I'm afraid it's to the same purpose as if Mr. Spillane had done it. Certainly M. Mons has nothing very edifying to say about the French Revolution, the Terror, or the various historical characters who parade through his pages to their sanguinary ends. His blood-letting hero, the author would like us to believe, was really a sensitively nice homey guy who really wanted to be a doctor but got trapped into his job as executioner by family connections and adverse circumstances. A couple of love affairs that ended unhappily—one with Du Barry—aided in his transformation into something more like a monster who enjoyed his work at the guillotine. These love affairs provide the author with some chance to alternate descriptions of sex activity with descriptions of executions.—E. J. F.



*—Jacket design for "The Quick Brown Fox."*

**TILLIE THE MENNONITE MAID:** Canada in the year 1908 provides the setting for Luella Creighton's **"High Bright Buggy Wheels"** (Dodd Mead, $3). The story is of Tillie Shantz, a young girl brought up in the strict faith of the Mennonites who is beginning to question whether everything in the world outside her faith is quite as dangerously evil as she had believed. When Tillie fell in love with a man outside her sect her problems began to accumulate. When she married him they really piled up. But they're all resolved before the end, when Tillie's kindly father wins through to understanding. The tale is, as you can see, the slight—not to say trite—old one of the struggle between the generations, changing values with changing times, etc. But Mrs. Creighton has written it with pleasing warmth and affection, enjoyable period touches, and occasional gentle humor.—E. J. F.

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## AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 18*)

miles west of Independence, one of them "blind from starvation and . . . lying on his back with a stick in his hand, attempting to beat off the prairie wolves." The trade seemed doomed unless the Federal Government provided military protection. Missouri's Senator Benton tried, but failed, to get authorization for mounted troops to guard the trail. As soon as Jackson became President, however, the War Department at his suggestion did arrange for four companies of unmounted infantry, under Major Bennet Riley, to accompany the caravans of 1829 to the Arkansas River, the boundary between the United States and Mexico. Otis E. Young's **"The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail"** (Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif., $7.50) narrates the experiences of the escort, which demonstrated two things: that dragoons, not foot soldiers, were essential in fighting Plains Indians.

The book is based upon Major Riley's journal and reports and upon Cooke's 1859 volume, "Scenes and Adventures in the Army." —J. M. E.

**GRAFT BY THE GOLDEN GATE:** Neither in Lincoln Steffens's "The Shame of the Cities" nor anywhere else, to my knowledge, can a more precise revelation be found of the ways by which big business corrupted politics and of how boss rule worked than in Walton Bean's **"Boss Ruef's San Francisco"** (University of California Press, $5). This astonishingly full and conclusive account of graft in San Francisco in the early twentieth century traces the rise to power of the brilliant, well-educated, and at first idealistic Abraham Ruef, and then does as well for his fall. Fremont Older of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, with the financial backing of Rudolph Spreckels, quietly organized an investigation of Boss Ruef, Mayor Schmitz, and their Union Labor Party henchmen on the city's board of supervisors. Older persuaded President Theodore Roosevelt to lend the Government's star detective, William J. Burns, and its able prosecutor, Francis J. Heney, to dig out evidence of graft. Heney, hoping to imprison the big businessmen who offered the bribes, granted immunity from prosecution to the supervisors who took them—and even to Ruef, though his immunity contract was cancelled—in return for their testimony. Ruef went to prison, but not one corporation executive was convicted. —J. M. E.

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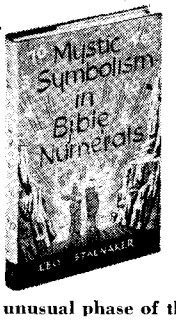


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## THE GENERAL, THE GOVERNOR, THE GRASSROOTS

(*Continued from page* 13)

telling him to do too many different things. He was a great leader who, for the moment, had misplaced his leadership and was being led.

Some of his talks were more telling than others, and he was better the second day than the first. He was at his best before a large crowd at Aurora, a huge crowd at St. Paul, and when delivering homilies to the students at Notre Dame, and Carleton and St. Olaf. But something had happened to the Eisenhower who at London's Guildhall had delivered one of the great speeches of our time, and in a smiling mood, untroubled by merriment, had said to Mayor LaGuardia on receiving honorary citizenship, "New York simply cannot do this to a Kansas farmer boy and keep its reputation for sophistication." That other Eisenhower had gone into an eclipse. The fire was temporarily extinguished. The delivery was no longer ignited by his personality. The short sentences, once so eloquent in their directness and military conciseness even when he was not using a script, had been replaced by long sentences apt to lose their way. The complication of their structure could in itself be interpreted as a betrayal of confusion.

It was upsetting to watch the ease with which the seasoned political reporters turned away from the General to scramble back on the train or bus as they guessed he was nearing his peroration. It was disquieting to hear them discuss the lack of interest of his speeches and make fun of his repeated point about the hundred hidden taxes on an egg by referring to it as "The Egg and Ike." Nonetheless, their joking was understandable from their point of view. The General had given them gray copy, had said little that was newsworthy, and indulged mainly in platitudes. He had made the familiar attacks without offering the needed solutions. He had spoken as the echo for widespread grievances but not as the voice for a new program.

It is true that reporters are overexposed and cynical judges. It is no less true that at most of these whistle stops Eisenhower received greater applause at the beginning of his speeches than at the end. But the crowds poured out to see and hear him. What is more, they listened to him, often with rapt attention and always with manifest affection and respect. Although many may claim that the General is green at politics, the proof of his political rightness may lie in his having said these simple things to a people whose basic hopes are simple. Among the imponderables of the election count the appeal of Ike's earthbound oratory with the occasional eloquence of its plain phrases and the incontestable honesty and fervor of his beliefs.

THE different attitude of the reporters following Stevenson was noticeable at once. They rushed out whenever he spoke, eager to hear what he was going to say. That staggering felicity and facility he has with words made them look up to him as if he were a topflight member of their profession. Although they realized he would have to repeat himself, they did not mind. They knew they could rely on him to say new things and even make some of the old ones sound new.

Many of these hardboiled pressmen listened to the Governor not as if they were doing a duty but as if they were pursuing an enthusiasm. They admired his courage in stating without equivocation beliefs bound to be contrary to the interests of the groups he was addressing. They were delighted by his wit and enchanted by his phrases. They were fascinated by the clarity of his thinking and impressed by the eloquence of his long serious passages. The freshness of his approach in speech after speech amazed them, and they wondered how long he could keep it up. Regardless of their political convictions, the reporters recognized how right *Time* had been when it pointed out that, whether or not Stevenson got in the White House, he was certain to get in the next edition of Bartlett.

Not surprisingly, the Governor's qualities which have won him the respect of the press have attracted the intellectuals, too. But Stevenson's appeal, as I know from my own observation, is by no means limited to writers, teachers, highbrows, or the college-bred. I have heard him talk to small groups from the back seat of a car. I have heard him make extemporaneous speeches under the most trying conditions in public parks or in front of town halls. I have heard him in overflowing auditoriums read carefully reasoned addresses to Northerners and Southerners of every trade and kind. I have heard him speak to the AFL in New York. And in every case his audience followed him with inter-

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est, as pleased with what he said as by his manner of saying it.

Some Democrats, afraid of any deviation from politics as usual, have expressed the fear that the Governor runs the risk of talking over the heads of his hearers. Republican leaders have made the same complaint, that is when, in a contradictory mood, they have not been doing their best to persuade voters that, instead of being a man of thought, Stevenson is only a comedian, a professional entertainer whom they at one moment liken to Bob Hope and at the next to Bing Crosby.

Stevenson has perhaps the most silencing answer to those who condemn him for his gift of laughter. No one could be more anguishingly aware than he or more articulate about the pains and problems of the modern world. But he realizes that, just as men cannot live by bread alone, so they cannot always dwell with sorrow. He knows that laughter is no sin and that we are a people who love to laugh. To explain the jokes he tells and the lines he brightens with his wit, he is fond of quoting Lincoln, who in the midst of the terrible Civil War years said of humor, "If it were not for this occasional vent, I should die."

Insult, if picturesque or vitriolic enough, is by tradition accepted as wit during the primitive slugging of a campaign. But real humor, shown by a public man *in public*, is uncommon in this country. Wit has been considered dangerous and irony fatal. The fact that Stevenson dares to employ all three is only one proof of how new and refreshing a type he is in American politics.

THE millions who heard or read his welcoming address at the Democratic convention and his speech of acceptance realized instantly, and with unforgotten excitement, that here was a man as exceptional in his spirit and endowments as he was in his attitude toward the electorate. He spoke, I then tried to point out, as a political figure blessed with a fine mind, who shared the fruits of his thinking with the convention as if all the delegates were equally anxious to think and equally equipped to do so. In short, he treated the many as if they were the few.

What the Governor did in Chicago he has done again and again since then. He has seldom condescended to his hearers. As a citizen of Illinois steeped in the Lincoln tradition, at his best he has shown Lincoln-wise that behind his humor and eloquence lie a Lincolnian melancholy and mysticism. As a graduate of Princeton and a close student of Wilson, he has in his more important addresses brought to politics an attitude of mind unknown since Wilson's day.

When at a Town Hall luncheon in Los Angeles Stevenson delivered a fine lesson on the responsibility of voters, he did not hesitate to refer in passing to Disraeli, Shaw, Plato, and the London *Times Literary Supplement*. When in Richmond he touched upon the problems of the South with great frankness and understanding, he was no less prepared to discuss Southern literature than the Constitution of the Confederacy. What is more, in his discussion of Southern writing he did not stop with "Gone With the Wind,"

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Oscar Wilde, "The Picture of Dorian Gray." 2. Rudyard Kipling, "The Light That Failed." 3. W. Somerset Maugham, "The Moon and Sixpence." 4. Israel Zangwill, "The Master." 5. Richard B. Sheridan, "The School for Scandal." 6. Robert Browning, "My Last Duchess." 7. Mary Chase, "Harvey." 8. Sidney Howard, "The Late Christopher Bean." 9. Victoria Lincoln, "Out from Eden." 10. Arnold Bennett, "Buried Alive."


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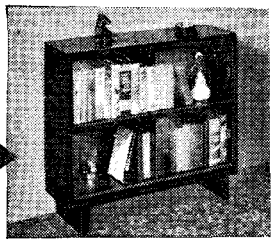

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but included William Faulkner. When Stevenson addressed the AFL in New York, though he won many loud and often easy laughs and an ovation, he confessed his speech was intended for the heads, not the hands, of his audience. It is to the heads of the voters that he has again and again been intrepid enough to address himself. To reach their thoughts, his whole concern as a candidate has been, as he said at Quantico, to find the right words, the true, faithful, explicit words, which will make the issues plain and his position on those issues clear.

Surely, Stevenson is not to be blamed for having the ability to find these words any more than he is to be condemned for having a style at once so sprightly and illuminating that he has become the favorite columnist of many people, including some who will vote against him. Literacy, like wit and humor, may be dangerous in politics. How dangerous no one can tell. But expressed as Stevenson does not shrink from expressing it, it reveals a sturdy and healthy faith in democracy.

The Governor in his speeches is constantly saying "This reminds me" or "I am reminded by"; the General in his, when making a serious point, is apt to say "I am told" or "Someone has told me." These expressions, which both men use automatically, are no doubt revealing in themselves.

Since I left their parties, many things have happened and many things will continue to happen. Nothing is more fluid or unpredictable than the course of an election. The Stevenson fund, like the Nixon fund, and the Eisenhower and Sparkman income-tax reports have made their headlines. The triumph which the Young Republicans achieved at Chicago has become an almost forgotten victory. Stevenson's earnest attempts to disentangle himself from the present Administration have proved unsuccessful. Other figures—Taft, Jenner, McCarthy, Byrnes, Shivers, and Truman himself—have elbowed their way back into the ring as symbols of complicating issues. By their often embarrassing reappearances they have altered the duel Eisenhower and Stevenson would have fought, had the real issues been funneled only through them.

AT the moment no one knows what will happen in November. The exceptional attributes of both nominees continue to console not only worried Americans but our friends throughout the world. The campaign has already deterioriated in quality and its bitterness is bound to grow. Both candidates have been put on the spot by the tactics and statements of those supposedly coming to their aid. Both have been forced to talk too

# The Criminal Record

***The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction***

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| ONE MURDER TOO MANY *Edwin Lanham* (Harcourt: $2.50) | Ship's doc on Caribbean cruise center of interest as passenger list shrinks; vacationing N. Y. cop goes to work. | Marine atmosphere expertly managed; characters well-drawn, authentic; high suspense content. | Good |
| THE DEVIL'S PASSKEY *Jimmy Shannon* (Appleton: $2.75) | Prof discovers 5-and-10 happy-dust, gets plunked; Pvt. Op. Ruff Morgan takes on Long Island puzzle. | Population (including female) largely incredible; breezy treatment overpowering; wisecracks give to shudder. | Try, try again |
| BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR—1952 *David C. Cooper, editor* (Dutton: $2.75) | Dozen mag yarns, all by sound practitioners, in eighth compilation under this title. | Quality well-maintained (as ed. points out) despite inroads of TV and paper-backs. | Nice sheaf |
| THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES *Victor Canning* (Mill-Morrow: $3) | English gent gets hint of subwater gems in Holland, follows same; much hue and cry, Dutch style. | Topography and seamanship excellent; conventional love angle mars otherwise swift-paced yarn. | Largely OK |

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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often for their own good. Both have shown an increasing tendency to treat the facts of history as if they were rubber and, in their party zeal, to state half-truths as if they were whole truths. Eisenhower has grown in ease and his speeches have bettered perceptibly. And Stevenson has sometimes been tempted (or advised) to slug it out on a plane unrepresentative of his real self.

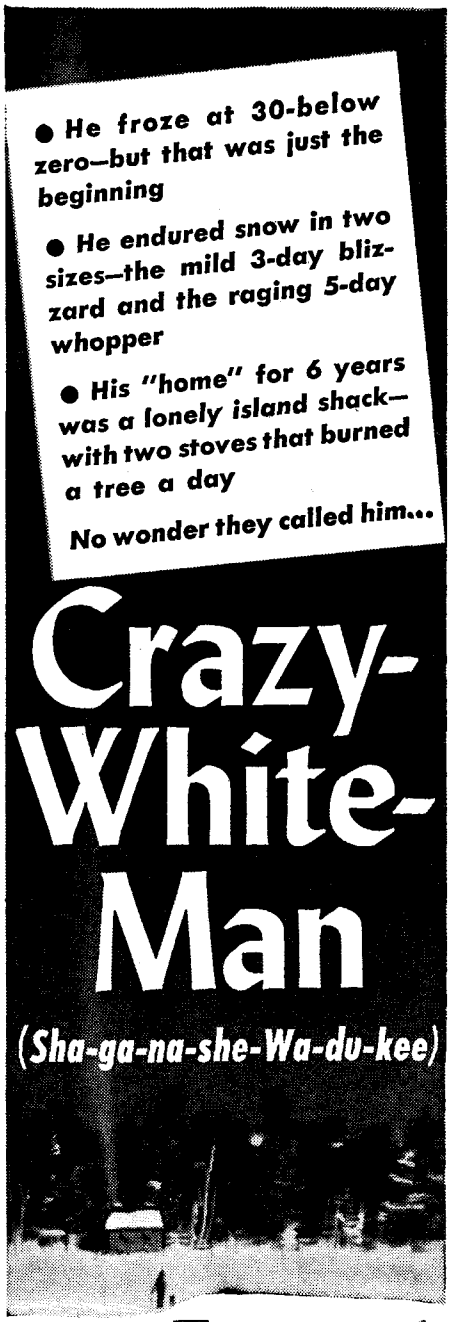
Fools alone could persuade themselves that the final issues can be contained in individuals, however distinguished. Nonetheless, the contrast between the Governor and the General is certain to increase in interest and significance. Politics being politics, both men are bound to have albatrosses around their necks by November 4. The thinking citizen will cast his ballot for the candidate whose neck is encumbered with the smaller albatross.

# Of Time and Space

***The Saturday Review's Guide to Science Fantasy Fiction***

| *Book* | *Theme* | *Handling* | *Rating* |
|---|---|---|---|
| BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, 1952 *Ed. by Everett F. Bleiler & T. E. Dikty* (Frederick Fell: $2.95) | Science fiction incredibly viewed as an aid to social consciousness. | In most cases, expert. | Good collection but introduction silly. |
| YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS *Ed. by Everett F. Bleiler & T. E. Dikty* (Frederick Fell: $3.50) | Five stories too long for the average anthology, too short for separate book publication. | Three top-hole, one average, one turkey. | Fanfare. |
| THE MIXED MEN *A. E. Van Vogt* (Gnome Press: $2.75) | Emissaries from earth encounter a civilization of earth refugees beyond the stars; find miscegenation may be beautiful. | Snappy dialogue; interesting theory; laws of physics no object. | Superman keeps things moving. |
| AWAY AND BEYOND *A. E. Van Vogt* (Pellegrini & Cudahy: $3.50) | Shorts on the Van Vogt super-super model, with ideas often incomprehensible. | Always lively but much double-talk. | Leftovers. |
| FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE *Isaac Asimov* (Gnome Press: $2.75) | Continuation on the idea of a scientific foundation built to save a collapsing galactic civilization. | More talk and less movement than in the earlier example. | Mr. A. painting himself into a corner. |
| BEACHHEADS IN SPACE *Ed. by August Derleth* (Pellegrini & Cudahy: $3.95) | If the flying saucers are real, these fourteen stories could be true. | From the distressing (Russell's "Metamorphosite") to the brilliant (Crossen's "Ambassador from Venus") and all in between. | Up-and-down anthology. |
| GUNNER CADE *Cyril Judd* (Simon & Schuster: $2.75) | Obedient servant of a static dictatorship discovers what it is like to be on the wrong side. | Smooth and quite logical from basic premises; gimmicks often a little hard to swallow. | Knockout thriller. |
| ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER *Ed. by Cornelius Ryan* (Viking: $3.95) | All about that space station, prelude to our trips to moon and stars. | Sober crystal gazing by six serious scientists and three first-class artists. | Year's best nonfiction buy. |
| THE LONG LOUD SILENCE *Wilson Tucker* (Rinehart: $2.50) | US east of the Mississippi is atom- and plague-bombed; life story of an immune survivor down to the point where he forms an alliance with another. | Brilliantly presented minor detail and good characters make it credible; neat twist at end makes it novel. | Better than "Earth Abides." |
| INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1926-1950 (Perri Press: $6.50) | All science fiction magazines from 1926 (the beginning) through 1950 indexed, with authors and their pseudos. | Well-done job that has long wanted the doing. | Indispensable work of reference. |

—FLETCHER PRATT.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**CARIBBEAN CLOSE-UP**

—*Horace Sutton*

# *Some Enchanted Islands*

HORACE SUTTON

**ISLAND GOING BOOM:** I remember San Juan before it got into the big time, which is only a question of four years or so. Mostly I remember the buses, faded and dented, like old soup cans on wheels which one had to catch and leave on the run, for they merely slowed down for passengers, never stopped. The auto horns were an orchestra forever tuning up. The best hotel was the Condado Beach, and in its nightclub there were hundreds of silver-painted chairs that were meant to be gay but were as sad as old champagne corks and the ashtrays from last night's party. I recall walking on a grassy plot near the San Geronimo fort and being told a great new hotel would rise here. And I remember that a few steps away the Yanks were in spring training, and staying at the Normandie, a hotel that got not only its name but its shape from the French liner.

Aside from the Yanks, the Normandie's claim to eminence was that, while built like a prow, it was only a triangular shell of a building. In its hollow center, right in the lobby, was a swimming pool, and the rooms rose in tiers around it. Substantial rumors had it that U. S. sailors were fond of refueling at the poolside bar, taking the elevator to the third floor and executing swan dives into the tank.

Now, in San Juan's new social dignity, a lid has been placed over the pool to forestall such levity, the poolside bar has become a genteel restaurant, and the Normandie is merging with the once locally swank Escambron Beach Club to form an elegant resort. The horns still blow, but the buses are new and require of one a less acrobatic approach and departure. On the grassy plot has risen, according to promise, the modern magnificence of the Caribe Hilton Hotel. Other hotels and apartment houses, white and unfettered, cast unfamiliar modern shadows along the lagoon. New restaurants have sprung up in the city, new clubs in the suburbs, new cabs with two-way radios cruise the palm-shaded streets. The click of roulette and the stab of the neon sign stir the tropical night. San Juan is a new Miami with a Spanish accent.

About all that is left of that five-year-old picture of San Juan are the auto horns whose every blast remains an echo of Latin disdain for that useless appendage, the brake pedal. I was sitting just a few weeks ago with a Puerto Rican lady in the new air-conditioned bar of the Condado Beach Hotel, part of its new eighty-room air-conditioned wing. Four mobiles floated

## CONTENTS

Frontispiece—Pigeon Point, Tobago

*Articles*

SOME ENCHANTED ISLANDS
*By Horace Sutton* ..... 44

RUM, SUGAR, TOURISTS & DOLLARS
*By Leo Cherne* ..... 48

PALETTE UNDER THE PALMS
*By Selden Rodman* ..... 54

MANY ISLANDS, MUCH MUSIC
*By Harold Courlander* ..... 58

*Vignettes*

BUDD SCHULBERG ON CUBA ..... 46

MAX LERNER ON JAMAICA ..... 50

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES ON CURAÇAO ..... 56

KENNETH ROBERTSON ON HAITI ..... 62

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over the heads of the bartenders. Ten glass panels provided daytime imbibers with a vista of the sand and the sea. Glass doors gave us a view of the Fiesta Room and it was plain that, inside, the silver chairs had long since given way to tropical modernity.

My friend was having nostalgic misgivings about all this, recalling Sunday afternoon *thé dansants* that were the elegant moments of her Puerto Rican adolescence. Pictures of social Puerto Ricans fluttering their fans in an elaborate *danzon* blotted out the wavering mobiles, the chrome, and the glass.

Yet, on the other hand she spoke proudly of the American products that were streaming from new Puerto Rican factories. Already the revolution, which seemed to have been ignited by the Caribe Hilton, had come full circle, and Robert Caverly, the Caribe's new young manager, has announced a quarter of a million dollar improvement program that will add fourteen rooms along the pool. Last winter the tourists were sleeping in the cabanas.

Near the Condado is the new La Rada, which opened this summer. It is a gem of a little hotel that can take 150 winter refugees, putting them up in air-conditioned apartments, some with fifteen-foot glass windows. La Rada will extract anywhere from $9 to $12 for two, and for an extra dollar a day guests can have use of an efficiency kitchenette which is built between every two apartments. La Rada's restaurant, run by M. Guillaume, former maître d'hotel at the Caribe, is pure Parisian elegance, and vies with the Caribe itself for the best fare in the Caribbean. San Juan, which had been limping along for years on a tired establishment called La Mallorquina, now also has in addition a totally un-Hispanic bistro known as the Swiss Chalet serving Swiss cheese pies and fondues among the chicken *asopaos* and indigenous *arroz con pollos*.

North Americans who have uncovered a new, clean, comfortable, air-cooled, handy tropical playground in San Juan are now being coaxed to discover the rest of the island. A handsome new hotel is nearing completion in the mountains at Barranquitas, an hour and a half from town. It will open in January, if all goes well, with forty-two rooms, a swimming pool, a casino, and a golf course which has been laid along the banks of a river known as El Salto, The High One. From the glass corner of the dining room, guests can look over their soup to banana patches, to a 2,800-foot mountain named La Torrecilla, and to a vista that stretches for ten miles.

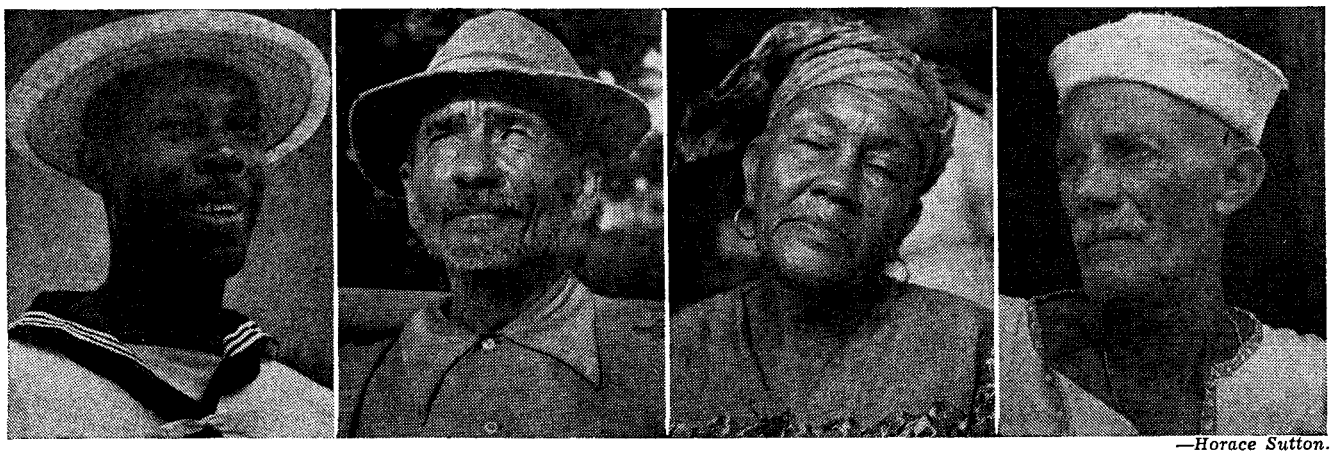
On the way to Barranquitas travelers will roll over a hard-surface road that winds between tobacco plantations covered with patches of white tenting. Houses crowd the highway and since the road falls away abruptly, the aft ends of the local homes stand on stilts. Family wash is laid to dry on the points of maguey cactus bushes, but washday is lightened somewhat by the fact that the sole piece of raiment of boys up to the age of six or seven is a shirt. The sun, according to my driver, is supposed to do wonders for the virility of the nation, a fact which no one with a passing knowledge of the Puerto Rican birth rate is in a position to deny.

At the crossroads that might be equipped in the States with a hot-dog stand one finds a shack with a whole pig roasting on a spit, protected from flies and filchers by a glass enclosure. The cook moves a charcoal brazier along the length of the pig until the whole carcass turns a rich, red brown. Then it is sold as *lechon asado*, and with a portion of boiled bananas, *una racion* costs fifty cents.

The pioneering blood of my ancestors having long ago thinned in my veins, I chose to forsake roadside *lechon asado* for the comparative sophistication of the Bamboo Inn, a local way station between Barranquitas and Aibonito. The Inn turned out to be bereft of the merest splinter of bamboo, and was decorated instead with an outsized juke box and color pictures of the candidates for the title of Miss Rheingold of 1953. Under their pearly smiles I ate rice and beans and candied sour orange peel and cheese.

For those who like water that is hot and sulphurated—I am not among them—Puerto Rico offers Coamo Springs, but you should be advised that the spa was there when the Spaniards were in charge, and hardly a vase has been moved since. A pair of iron ladies painted white hold up pots of cactus at the entrance, great gilt-edged mirrors and mammoth murals look down on diners, and purple *campanillas* float in grand Victorian splendor in the finger bowls. For those who would dispel their aches and creaks with the waters, there is a pool set amid breadfruit trees. For mad, gay evenings there is an open patio equipped with a parrot who calls out "Waiter! Waiter!," as I suspect he has been doing since the day Sampson's forces first arrived. And through ancient habit, tiny sugar birds called "reinitas" answer the summons of the headwaiter when he calls them to lunch in the sugar-coated bird bath.

Blessed with water that is hot and sulphurous, Puerto Rico also has a whole bayful of water that is luminous, a fact which must have earned for its discoverer the reputation of liar. Phosphorescent Bay lies off La Parguera, a tiny fishing village on Puerto Rico's southwest coast. On nights when there is no moon fishing boats chug out to the strange bay. Nothing happens for long minutes till the boat gets into the harbor, then, churned by the propeller the wake becomes an illuminated tail. Frightened fish, sent scattering by the noise of the motor, shoot away in a dozen crazy directions, leaving a white stream behind them as if they were sky rockets fired under water. The captain brings up a pail of



—*Horace Sutton.*

**Barbadian policeman.** **Puerto Rican crabman.** **Trinidadian Martiniquaise.** **Virgin Island cha-cha.**

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# *Budd Schulberg on Cuba*

BY ONE of those happy seasonal coincidences, the first day of frost on our Bucks County farm was nicely timed to the arrival of a letter from Sr. Tony Sanchez in Varadero, Cuba, asking us when we were coming down, and for how long we wished to rent the house we had looked at last winter, a house which is both on the beach and on the main street of the town.

This letter from our friend Senor Sanchez sidetracked the serious duties of the day. We broke out a bottle of Cuban Bacardi, played our favorite Afro-Cuban version of "In a Little Spanish Town," and got talking about our six sun-drenched weeks in Varadero last February and March.

Varadero is a narrow peninsula about a hundred miles down the coast from Havana. From the main street short sandy lanes dip gently to the ocean on the north, while two blocks south along dirt roads crisscrossing this tropical sandbar brings you to the Bay of Cardenas.

The color of the water drives you to guide-book superlatives. Between the white beach and the horizon the sea forms exotic stripes in every imaginable shade of blue. And the water is marvelously clear. You can stand up to your neck in the softly rolling breakers and see your shadow on the bottom. Or drop a stone from two hundred feet and watch its descent all the way down.

Guide books are often deceptively grandiose about Varadero. They like to describe it as "a playground of the gay international set," and to emphasize its glamour and social highlife. True enough, Varadero is bounded by the DuPont estate and the luxurious Hotel International on the north, and by the exclusive Kawama Club and an impressive row of palatial summer homes on the south.

But the essence of Varadero is its simplicity. Particularly in the winter time, when the Cuban tourists have not yet arrived and most American visitors to the island are on the town in Havana, it is a leisurely-paced beach-village where you can go barefoot, wear any old kind of shorts or slacks, drink good cheap rum from the friendly little street bars, and wander right off the beach into a "nightclub" of bamboo walls and thatched roof where a three- or four-piece local band beats out an Afro-Cuban rhythm that is seldom to be equaled in the flash hotels.

A popular pastime is to sit at the ample, unadorned bar of the Bolero-Criolla, a favorite hang-out of Cubans and Americans alike, look out at the changing colors of the sea, and wash down excellent *langosto frio* or giant-sized Moro crab with daiquiris that shame for size and zip our effete northern variety.

The Cuban Government has "big plans" for Varadero. More luxury hotels, more paved streets, more recreational facilities, more "improvements." I hope they are a long time coming. We'll take our Varadero winter as is, or as was, happily off-season, small-town, and slow-paced. Senor Sanchez, hold on to that *casa*, we're on our way.

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**Gems from the Guidebook:** Havana's only an hour from Miami, and it's been looking at tourists for a long, long time. Before airplanes, even. . . . Lots of nightclubs in the near suburbs, mostly outdoors with lights in the trees and a marble dance floor under the Cuban moon. . . . The Nacional is the big hotel, not new but large and airy, with outdoor pool. . . . Sevilla-Biltmore is smack in town; the Presidente, with a dining-terrace, is on the fringe of things. . . . Eating, sleeping, and clubbing it can run into money. . . . Don't miss Sloppy Joe's, a well-soaked saloon that puts up bottles under its own bizarre label. . . . Be prepared to eat late, hiss if you want the bus driver to stop, find a special tourist cop if you get in trouble. . . . Everyone smokes what look like foot-long cigars, and the men affect guayaberra shirts which have two pleats in front, three down the back, are worn out of the pants, and with a tie can pass as a coat. . . . Pan-Am, National, Braniff, KLM, and everybody but the RAF fly over from Miami; Chicago and Southern supplies the link from New Orleans. —H.S.

phosphorescent water, and when you dip your hand in, thousands of tiny diamond chips run through your fingers. Toss the water back to the sea and it cascades over the side like liquid fire. When it rains Phosphorescent Bay is a lake of candles. The boatsmen of Capri who make such a fuss about the Blue Grotto have less to display than the boatsmen of La Parguera who thus far have merely organized a complicated rate structure that requires you to pay somewhere between seventy-five cents or five dollars depending upon how many people are on hand to make the excursion.

Visitors can stay overnight in La Parguera Guest House, a simple but new and comfortable inn meant for sports fishermen and those who can find pleasure in nothing more jazzy than collecting shells around the mangrove-covered islands that lie offshore.

La Parguera means the-place-where-there-are-lots-of-*pargo*, a pargo being a grouper. It is also the place where there are lots of white and blue marlin, sailfish, black-fin tuna, wahoo, tarpon, and barracuda. Local boats charge about $35 a day, and the better-equipped fishing boats over from Miami get Miami prices, $65 a day. Everyone has the piscatorial fever in quiet little La Pargo town including a hefty sow. She is down at the water's edge every morning sticking her snout in the water and coming up with something finny and tasty. Whether she is picking up dead bait cast from the boats or whether she is doing her own snaring isn't very clear but, whichever, she is known among an ever-widening circle as The Fishing Pig of La Parguera.

**LORD & TAYLOR BY-THE-SEA:** They tell you in San Juan that if you want to avoid the hurly-burly, take the thirty-minute flight over to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Once on St. Thomas they tell you to find a quiet time you must take the twenty-minute flight over to St. Croix. There could hardly be a more peaceful atoll than St. Croix, yet there are those who insist you ain't never known seclusion till you've been over to St. John, only reachable by boat.

St. Thomas has retained faint traces of its Danish ownership which ended in 1917, and there are streets with names like Vimmelskaft Gade and Dronnings Gade. A new air-conditioned restaurant and bar with murals of old St. Thomas is called Seven Queen's Quarter, a dramatic name (especially for a lunchroom) which is merely a translation of its address in Danish.

Mixed in with the Danish undertone

(*Continued on page* 60)

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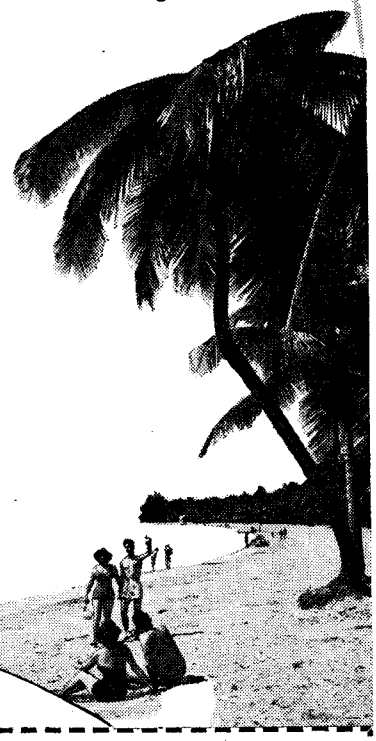

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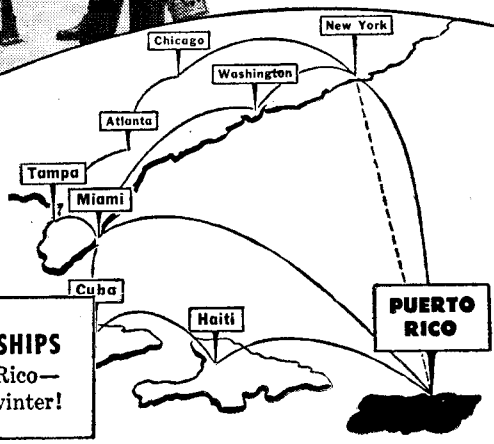


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# Rum, Sugar, Tourists & Dollars

LEO CHERNE

THERE are two kinds of rock on which the Caribbean Islands rest. One, earthquake-born, squeezed the volcanic isles out of the sea. The other, empire-born, gave the Islands sugar, their major means of sustenance. Both have molded the peoples of the Caribbean, their hopes and privation, their livelihood and direction. In the friendliest climate of the world, millions of West Indians are prisoner to rock and sugar. A quota decision made by the United States Government is more vital to the crops of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands than drought, hurricane, pestilence, or parasite.

The role that both sugar and the U.S. play in the Caribbean are perhaps best seen in Cuba. The land devoted to the planting of cane covers 30 per cent of the island, but that 30 per cent produces 81 per cent of the entire island's exports, 75 per cent of all of the railroad traffic, 30-40 per cent of the nation's rent, and 92 per cent of the total national income.

Of the billion dollars invested in Cuban sugar, $600,000,000 is capital from the USA, $400,000,000 is Cuban. This number one industry of Cuba employs 500,000 workers, one out of every ten persons on the island. Cuba's second industry, tobacco, which by any standard is substantial, employs only one-tenth that number.

Sugar is a plantation crop. Its competition in the world market depends on the low-cost operation of the vast estates and a mass of underpaid field hands. Sugar is a seasonal despot. With one hand it provides food and with the other hand it exacts periodic unemployment. Historically, sugar is an imperial crop and the traditional property of the absentee landlord. After the hunger for gold, the thirst for exploration, and the fire of government-supported piracy subsided in the Caribbean, the less adventurous but more tenacious plantation owner moved in.

Because of the shadow which sugar casts across the Caribbean, there is not a government, whatever its character, however crude its methods, which has not sought to break the hold of sugar upon the economy. The extraordinary success with which Puerto Rico has recently promoted the sale of rum is but one way of circumventing the sugar quota, the stark dependence upon sugar as sugar.

The extent to which the Dominican Republic has moved to increase its sisal production is characteristic of efforts throughout the islands to break the hold of the single crop. The mining of bauxite in Jamaica and the manufacture of cement in Puerto Rico are other efforts to enlarge and exploit the existing island resources and adapt them to the needs of industry.

Two recent directions, however, are perhaps more striking. The first involves the expansion of the part played by industry, machinery, skill, and commerce in the insular economies. The second approach is increasing travelers to the Caribbean.

Tourism in the Caribbean is an industry. The airplane shuttle between Miami and Havana, the winter cruises that drop anchor in the fabulous harbor between Morro Castle and the Malecon, are the instruments of a vital economic enterprise. That tourists come in increasing numbers is more than understandable.

Of all the islands, however, Puerto Rico stands unique in its approach to the tourist problem. Tourism in Puerto Rico is as scientifically planned an aspect of development as the promotion of rum, the diversification of crops, and the all-important introduction of industry. The Caribe Hilton dominates the San Juan waterfront because a group of young, restless, brilliant Puerto Ricans decided that Puerto Rico needed it. Out of that need they have constructed an incredible monument to pleasure, a magnificent specimen of architecture, and, most important, a lure to businessmen who, once attracted, might be encouraged to bring their factories and knowledge as well.

—Horace Sutton.

"Puerto Rico [has] found an answer."

Caught, as are Jamaica and Haiti, in the trap of overpopulation, ground down by the need for the world's goods and the inability to pay for them with the proceeds of a single crop, tortured by unemployment, mortified by the ever-growing shack slums, the islands sought an answer. Puerto Rico found it and virtually all the others are gingerly approaching it.

THERE are many things of which the Puerto Rican is proud. He is proud of his first elected governor, Luis Munoz Marin, son of Puerto Rico's great liberator and onetime firebrand Greenwich Village poet. The Puerto Rican is proud of his new Constitution because it mirrors more closely the human rights provisions suggested by the United Nations Charter.

But the deepest, though not the most freely expressed, pride is focused on what Munoz named "Operation Bootstrap." For it is here that Munoz has unleashed the energies of his mountain-moving young men. Directed by Teodoro Moscoso, a handful of these mainland-educated Puerto Ricans set about to revolutionize the Puerto Rican economy, to diversify its agriculture, to build up its power sources, to cross the mountains with fast roads, to break up the landed estates, but, above all, to introduce industry to Puerto Rico.

The methods which are used to attract eight new industries a month to this 100 x 35 mile island, and which have raised the standard of living 70 per cent in the last ten years, will provide the literature of economic exploration for generations of students to come. There are several major incentives. The nature of the relationship of Puerto Rico to the United States enables the Puerto Rican Government to provide almost complete tax exemption for an eight-year interval. In a period in which an increasing number of corporate decisions are motivated by tax consequences this inducement is strong.

But by itself, it is insufficient. The vitality of corporate enterprise requires the availability of trained labor, adequate supervision, financing, necessary materials, and ease of transportation. To recount the obstacles is to indicate merely the prob-

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*Leo Cherne is executive director of The Research Institute of America.*

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lems which have already been substantially solved—a dramatic epic of men facing too great an urgency and of too young an age to permit discouragement.

Out of the radicalism of Munoz, out of Puerto Rico's search for status, out of the liberal orientation of most of the men who have guided the economic development program, has been fashioned an environment and an attitude independent of Socialism, desperately cognizant of the need for continuous increase in the welfare of the Puerto Rican people, and equally insistent that industry must have the incentive of profit. Rare have been the instances where method has been as freely married to objective and as little handicapped by economic dogma.

A technique and a multitude of means have been pioneered in the process. A laboratory for the underdeveloped nations of the world has been set up here and with characteristic assurance and unconcealed pride the Puerto Rican Government has already offered its findings to those pursuing the objectives of Point Four.

How far along is this experiment? It is better than begun. It is far from complete. The aspiration seems unattainable. So, too, did the present level of Puerto Rican achievement just four years ago.

All of agriculture in Puerto Rico accounts for some 35 per cent of the total labor force. In the United States this vital percentage is 16. Not until the introduction of industry, the widening of handicraft, the extension of trade, the enlargement of tourist and other services reduce the agricultural worker to perhaps 20 per cent of the island's employed total will Puerto Rico near the end of its struggle with abject poverty and overpopulation. The urgency is increased by the fact that of some 35,000 square miles, 72 per cent are mountainous, just marginally arable, and the balance has been so heavily overworked that only the continuous use of fertilizer and additional irrigation can continue to sustain the crops.

IN this direction the fight between the U.S. Public Health Service and Malthus has aggravated the difficulty. With the increasing availability of modern medicine, the death rate has been brought down from thirty-one per thousand in 1899 to ten in 1951. Puerto Rico is not only one of the most populous areas of the world but is at the same time one of the most fertile. As a result, Puerto Rico will double its population within twenty-five years. Of all the world's people only Ceylon comes close by doubling its population in twenty-six years. Even incredible Japan takes thirty-three years. Stuart Chase wisely observes, "Puerto Rico must run faster and faster to stay in the same place." Puerto Rico is running hard.

The experience of one industrialist is extraordinary and typical in that race. In August of 1951 this plastics manufacturer was first attracted to Puerto Rico. The machinery arrived early in October. By November the plant was in operation. By the end of December his enterprise was in the black. His initial success led to the building of another plant, then shortly after that a factory to metallize plastics. By December 1952 more than 1,000 people will be employed in that enterprise. It now uses forty molding machines where but a year ago there were only four such machines in

## *Max Lerner on Jamaica*

THE first time I saw Ocho Rios was five years ago, when my wife and I ventured on a Jamaican winter vacation. We have returned every year since then. It lacks the glamorous names and imposing resorts you will find elsewhere on the island, as at Montego Bay. It is, if you will, a sleepy little village of a few houses and shops huddled around a little harbor which until two years ago boasted only of a few fishing boats.

Since then the modern industrial age has broken into it, and the Reynolds Aluminum Co. has built a nearby wharf where bauxite from the hills can be loaded into freighters. But I have grown so fond of this Eden that I welcome whatever will pump some income into it to raise the living standards of the million-and-a-half Jamaicans on the island as a whole. Around Ocho Rios the recent influx of tourists has meant the rise of a number of graceful, moderate-priced hotels that have given employment to hundreds who formerly had to wrestle with their little hill-plots or break stone for the roads.

Ocho Rios takes its name from the convergence of eight rivers that flow into the Caribbean. The place names throughout the island are Spanish, French, and English, mirroring the succession of conquerors before the overpowering invasion of the American tourists. The British and French once fought a battle nearby. But this is not an island on which great historic events happen any more.

There are only the narrow roads, winding over mountains or paralleling the sea, offering a wild beauty of trees and sky and sea; there are the natives, crowded into their marketplaces or walking along with scrubby little donkeys laden with their pathetic prizes; there are the tiny churches, and the roadway suddenly crowded some night with revival chanting and singing; there are the rafts on which you can have the excitement of shooting the rapids on the river; there is the long stretch of beach, with water of incredible blue; there are the waterfalls, dropping down from the rivers into the sea, so that you move from the languor of the sea water into the icy tingle of a shower under the falls; and always and everywhere, there is the sense of jungle luxuriance and dense jungle growth.

There is also, of course, the native poverty, and the miserable rural slums, and the wretchedly low budgets for schooling and health.

Despite them you will see why we are in love with Ocho Rios. But I must add that even in this Lotus Land I have managed on each visit to get a bigger chunk of sustained writing done than I have ever succeeded in doing anywhere else.

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**Gems from the Guidebook:** Jamaica is British, rich in bananas and bauxite, and well developed for tourists. . . . Montego Bay on the northwest shore is long famous for posh hotels, social guests and an ultra, ultra winter season. . . . The new area is the Ocho Rios as witness Mr. Lerner above, largely pioneered by the fabulous Tower Isle which sits right on the beach, has a pool, rooftop nightclub, all rooms with balconies . . . now it also has some neighbors, the Jamaica Inn, Silver Seas, among them, and there is even some night-spotting to do . . . by day there is a raft trip down the Rio Grande. . . . Kingston is pretty much business, business, and the Myrtlebank has that honest-to-goodness Sadie Thompson look. . . . Avianca makes it direct from New York in six hours, BOAC comes down from Nassau, Pan Am and KLM make it from Miami and Haiti, and you can get yourself deposited in Montego Bay or Kingston. —H. S.

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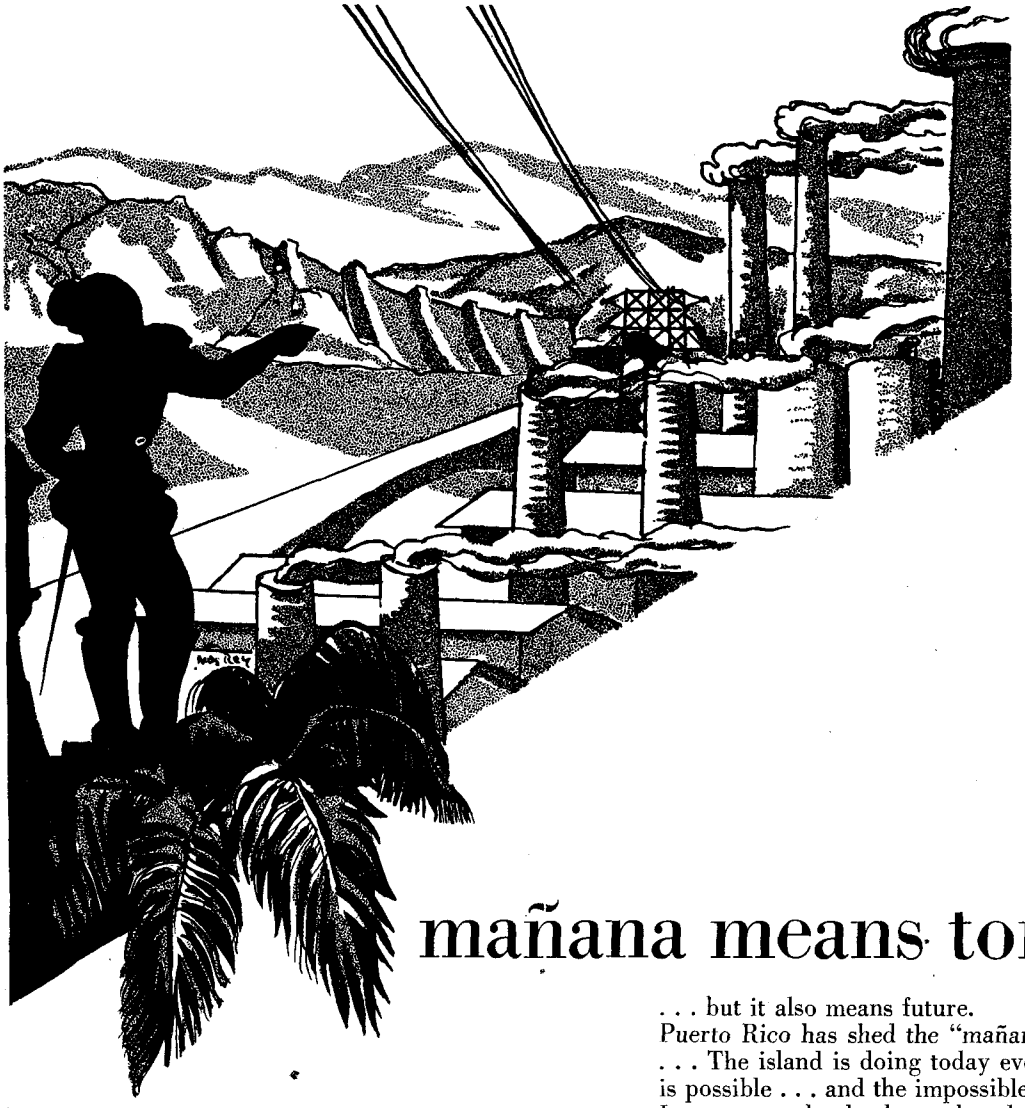

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Puerto Rico. The presence of this industry quickly brought other firms readily related to the first venture.

An investment of $30,000,000 annually in similar industrial development may within twenty years absorb the present 300,000 wholly and partially unemployed, the growing population, and the years added to each life by modern medicine.

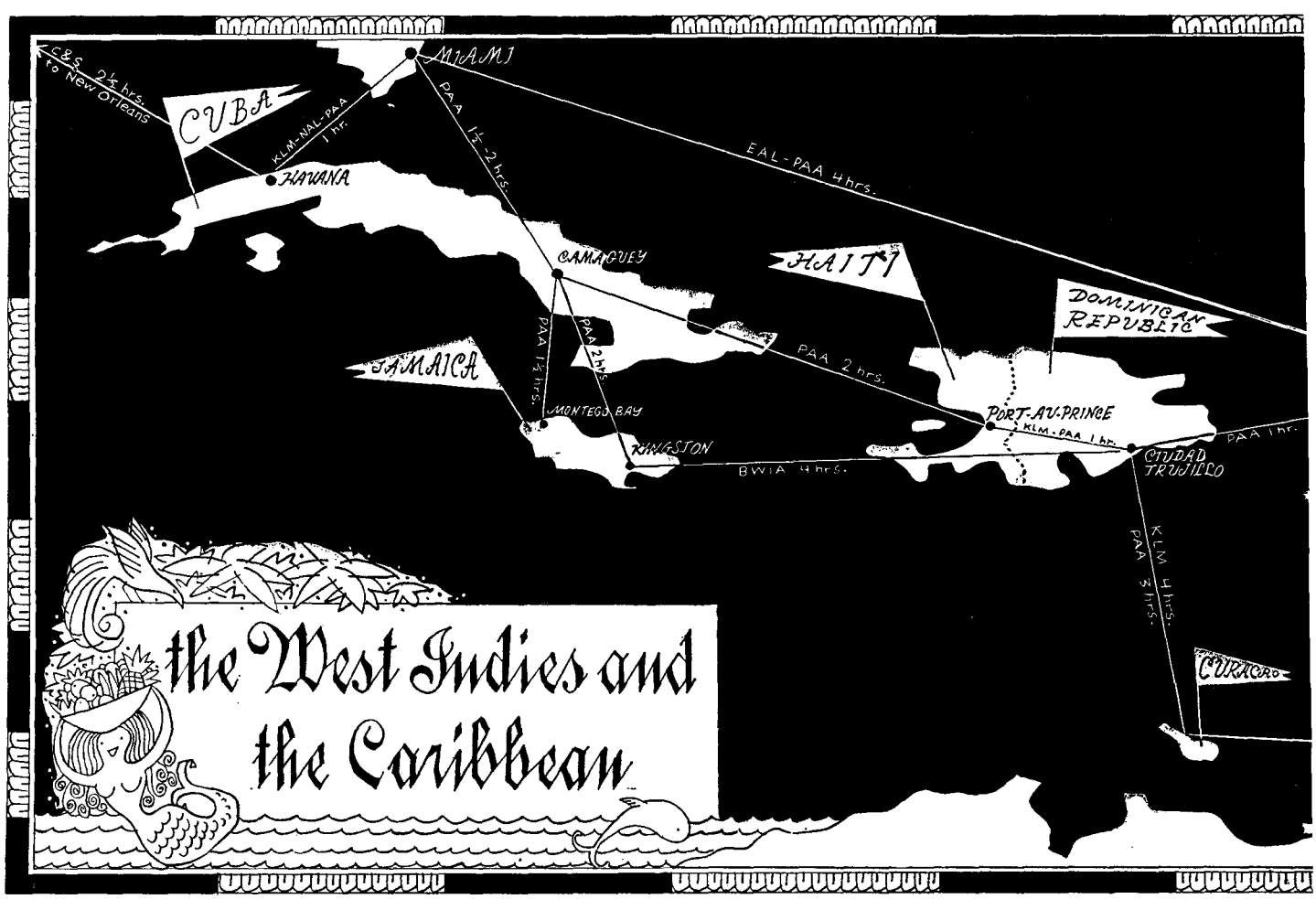
Each of the islands is already well aware of the need, and each in its own way and with its own particular method and varying energy pushes toward the same objective. Jamaica, with a far lower wage rate than Puerto Rico, faces problems which are similar and some which are crucially different. Its almost totally Negro population has been increasingly restless about the low wages and unreliable employment. Strikes have grown in number and intensity. The problem of Jamaica is compounded by the economic difficulties of Great Britain, to which it is tied.

The hold of the plantocracy on the Jamaican economy lessens with each passing year. Diversification of agriculture in Jamaica is in process. New strains of beef and milk cattle, more suitable and durable in the semi-tropical Caribbean climate, are being bred. Aluminum is being added to the growing number of the island's industries. Many of Jamaica's problems now flow from the fact of her forward motion. In this respect her growing ferment is echoed in other colonial areas throughout the world. Change is rarely placid and almost never ordered. Even in the highly formalized environment of Jamaica is this true. The great restraint, however, is the critical fact that of all the Caribbean Islands, Jamaica is the least Latin, the most British. What would cause only turbulence in Jamaica would produce violent explosion in Cuba or Haiti.

Haiti's industrial and agricultural development is in a limited way following the Puerto Rican path. She staggers, however, under the problems of poverty, illiteracy, disease, and class distinction—all of them peculiarly her own. The Haitian has, in a sense untrue in Jamaica or Cuba, been content. He, too, has lacked complete freedom, but for 150 years his tyrants have been Haitian. His lands have not produced the crops his stomach required, but the land he plowed was his own. Perhaps nowhere in the entire Caribbean is native culture as rich, illiteracy as widespread, the smile as prevalent or deprivation as omnipresent. The 500,000 slaves who were freed by the dream of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the determination of Dessalines, and the courage and brutality of Black Majesty Christophe were the forbears of Haiti's four million Negroes. Their wage runs about a dollar a day. These four million people live on ten thousand square miles, only half of which is arable. In the Dominican Republic, half that population enjoys 20,000 square miles of which four-fifths is fertile. Even with these most obvious limitations, one Government spokesman nevertheless insisted that, "The country can be very rich. All we need to do is know what to do and how to do it."

It is when the mountain range between Haiti and the Dominican Republic is crossed that the economic observer from the United States finds himself in conflict. It is here he has to remind himself that he is seeking economic data, not reacting to political fact. This isn't easy.

But there are other observations favorable to the Dominican Republic. The economic contribution under Dictator Rafael Trujillo has been impressive and is as visible as his portrait. The slum clearance project erected a greater number of attractive little homes than Haiti in the face of a hous-

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ing agony far less acute than that in Port au Prince. One of the world's largest sugar refineries on the Rio Haina compels admiration even from one jaded by U.S. enterprise. The refinery happens to be owned by Trujillo, as are substantial plantations, as are thousands of head of cattle, as are other factories.

The incentive to new business in the Dominican Republic lies less in special inducements than in the fact that there are few places in the world as congenitally tax free for business as Ciudad Trujillo. Business profits carry a maximum 3 per cent tax. The bulk of Dominican revenue flows from a variety of consumption taxes. Even the most urgent staple of the island, rice, carries the 2¢ a pound burden. There is only one direct tax on the individual, a graduated tax on the identification card he must carry. The standards in determining the amount involve income, salary, property. The minimum, from which those too poor to pay are exempt, is $1. The maximum is $2,000.

In this twenty-second year of the Era de Trujillo, El Jefe has brought his island material progress. He has harnessed the energy of his people to his program as he looks to the U.S. to understand his contribution, overlook his methods, and to purchase his sugar.

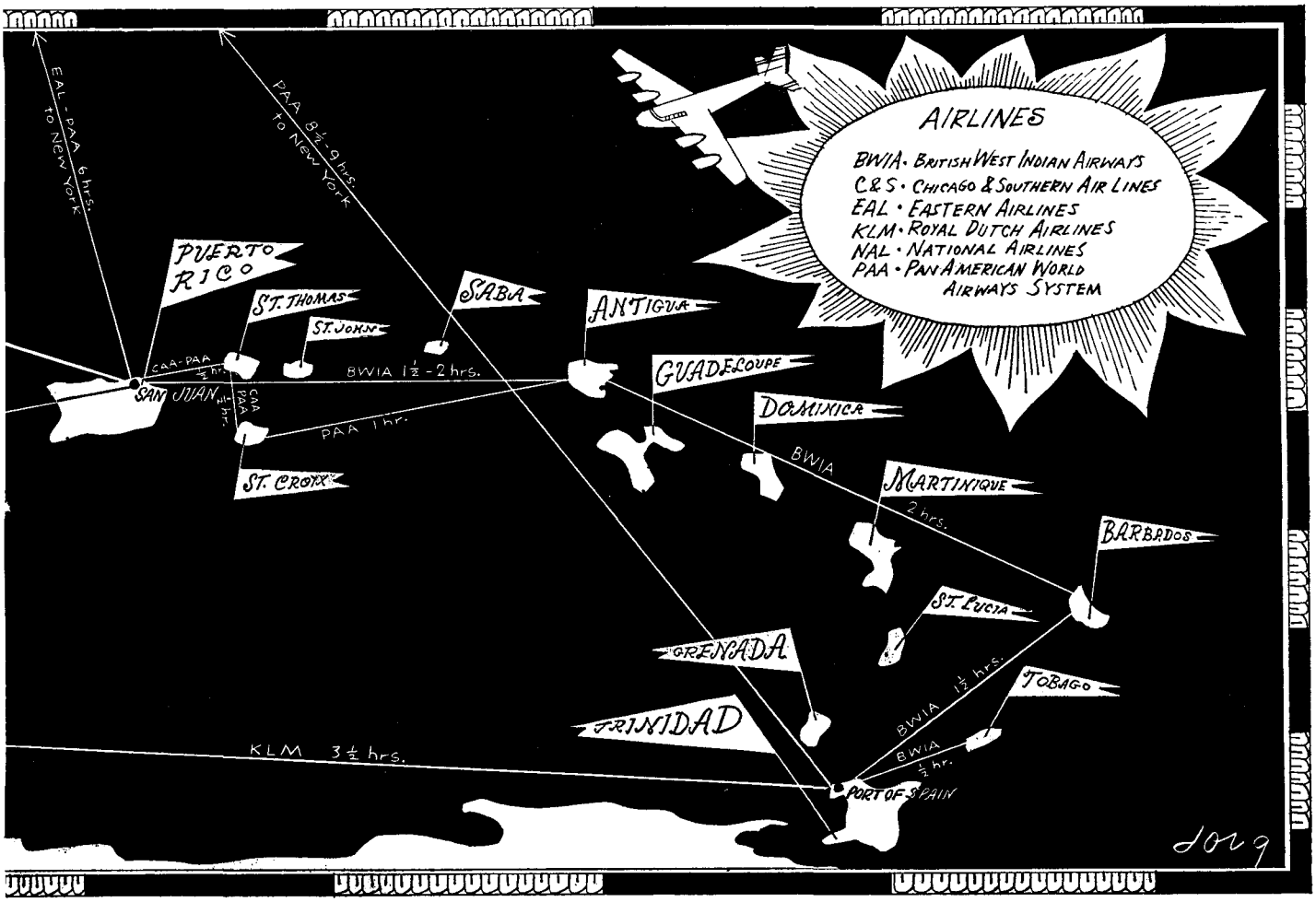
Sugar, is, of course, the word which recurs most frequently in the Caribbean and nowhere with greater impact than in Cuba. On an island almost eight times as long as Puerto Rico and twice as wide, five-and-one-half million people live, work, participate in trade and industry, but above all grow sugar. Cuba's 1952 sugar crop of eight million tons is the largest which has ever been produced in any country.

In addition to the size of its sugar crop and less density of population, Cuba has the additional advantage of proximity to the U.S., magnificent harbors, widespread education, highly developed industry by Caribbean standards, and native resources of copper, chromite, manganese, gold, iron, lead, and zinc. It also offers the greatest variety of satisfactions to the tourist. But in Cuba the total of these will never dwarf sugar. So long as that is true, sugar will remain the rock on which the Caribbean rests.

If sugar is the economic giant that towers over the Caribbean, the U.S. is the political and psychological colossus astride the Sargasso Sea. To the Caribbean native this image looms large. Within the last two generations the U.S. has been liberator, occupier, invader, benefactor, the power behind the absentee landlord, and the friend of those who sought to expel him. There are few actions of the U.S. which are not magnified in the tropic sun. Not one U.S. citizen in 100 knows the role our sugar quota plays. Hardly a citizen of the Caribbean is unaware of the importance of a 1 per cent change in America's imports of Caribbean cane.

When Grantley Adams, Negro Prime Minister of Barbados, was stupidly detained at Ellis Island, the event went unnoticed in much of the American press. In the Lesser Antilles there was no more pressing news to diminish this affront. Even the efforts at physical improvements in which the U.S. Government is cooperating in the Caribbean occasionally produce fear and doubt. Some few voice their concern that the physical values of the U.S., the impact of rapid transportation, the hammer thrust of radio and television, may distort the Caribbean culture patterns and ultimately soak them out in the washing machines imported from the mainland.

That time is still distant in the Caribbean. Hunger and unemployment must be banished first.

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# *Palette Under the Palms*

SELDEN RODMAN

THERE is a Trinidad calypso song that goes:

Why she even state to Spoiler
That pork's price was ten dollar
But before the Yankee man come round
The price was eighteen cents a pound.

Whatever the coming of the Yankee may have done to the price of pork in the Caribbean, there can be no question that his intrusion has raised the price—and even the quality—of the region's art. This is true not only of Puerto Rico, where an official effort to stimulate folk crafts has been made, and indirectly of Cuba with its sophisticated painting and Trinidad with its popular calypsos, but outstandingly in the case of Haiti, the one island culture which has begun to translate its indigenous graphic resources into an exportable commodity.

The late flowering of art in the West Indies is more readily explainable than the poverty of its folk crafts. Before World War I the islands were regarded strictly as areas of imperial pillage. Even in the Twenties tourism was negligible, travel was unpleasant, hotels were few. The fine arts were confined to the local academies—provincial societies of mutual admiration whose masters for the most part emulated the dessicated official styles of London, Paris, and Madrid. In 1927 a group of young Cuban painters, several of them just returned from Paris, held an exposition in Havana which introduced the post-impressionist and cubist influences to the Caribbean. About the same time the impact of the Mexican renaissance with its neo-primitive techniques and emphasis on social revolt began to be felt in those islands with a Spanish background. Finally, in 1944, the establishment by an American of the Centre d'Art in Port-au-Prince led not only to the unique, calculated, and successful assimilation of Negro folklore in painting but to the first genuinely original easel and mural art in the history of the West Indies.

Visitors who have also traveled in Africa, Central America, or the South Seas are astonished by the virtual absence of native handicrafts in these Caribbean islands so similar in poverty, climate, and rhythmic exuberance. Beyond a little basket-weaving, drum-making, and mahogany work in the larger islands, the natives make nothing with their hands that cannot be made better by machinery. Even their own work clothes are imported from Manchester or Fall River. Why is this?

The answer, in one word, is slavery—the curse of the Caribbean that set its indelible stamp on Caucasian master and African victim alike. The Spaniards, famous for their rapacity and ineptitude as colonizers, wiped out the native Indian population before 1510. The gentle Las Casas favored the importation of Africans to replace them in the gold mines because "the Negro has no soul." As the supply of gold dwindled, the Spanish colonies in Puerto Rico, San Domingo, Cuba, and the lesser islands began their centuries-long decline; but the French in Haiti and Martinique, and the English in Jamaica, Barbados, and Trinidad began, with the importation of Africans en masse, to reap the enormous profits of the sugar and coffee trade.

The consequence has been that wherever slave-based colonialism persisted for any length of time, a pattern of indolence, subservience, duplicity, guilt, and visual timidity was established—a pattern that still prevails throughout most of the West Indies. When one travels today in the French or British colonies, and only to a slightly lesser degree in the Spanish-speaking islands, which have passed from an inefficient colonial tyranny to an only slightly more efficient one of their own, one is depressed by the shoddiness of the present in the shadow of the ruination of the past. Puerto Rico, in the throes of receiving quick grafts of democracy and Americanization, has had little time to assimilate what culture adheres to either. But two regions, by historical circumstance, did manage to escape the pattern of enforced somnolence, and the cultural vitality that survived and flourished in them demands our attention.

Patrick Leigh-Femor, whose brilliant "The Traveler's Tree" is the most penetrating contemporary study of the culture of the West Indies, was not the first visitor to Trinidad to remark the lack of inhibition, the dashing cosmopolitan atmosphere in that atypical British colony. But he was perhaps the first to ascribe this phenomenon as much to the virtual absence of slavery in the past as to the polyglot racial character of the population. One third of all Trinidadians are of Asian—mostly Hindu and Moslem—origin. Frescoes in the temple of Vishnu depicting the legend of Shiva seem hardly out of place in Port of Spain with its equally flourishing enclaves of Chinese, Portuguese, Jewish, Lebanese, and Corsicans. The Spanish occupation, which lasted two centuries longer than elsewhere in the Lesser Antilles, characteristically left no cultural mark. French royalists, refugees from the northern islands, contributed to the Creole patois. But it is the 200,000 natives of African origin whose vitality dominates. In 1783 there was a total Spanish population in Trinidad of only 300. Fourteen years later, when the British took over, the population had increased to 18,000. The slave trade was abolished in 1807. The ancestors of the present black population, therefore, must all have come to the island between 1793 and 1807 and had little time to develop habits of either subservience or resentment.

LEIGH-FERMOR devotes almost as much attention to the unorthodox dress of the Trinidadians as he does to their famous calypsos. The great smartness and studied abandon of their attire is in striking contrast to the other islands where Negroes, he remarks, dress without exception as tramps or town councillors. The calypsos, he observes, are "the only living folk music—at any rate in English—in the British Empire." These casual songs had their origin at the time of the Emancipation. In the French dialect the Negroes resung their tribal African songs, grafting later Spanish phrases, and, at the turn of the cen-

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*Selden Rodman, poet, anthologist, art critic, is author of "Renaissance in Haiti" and, most recently, "Portrait of the Artist as an American."*

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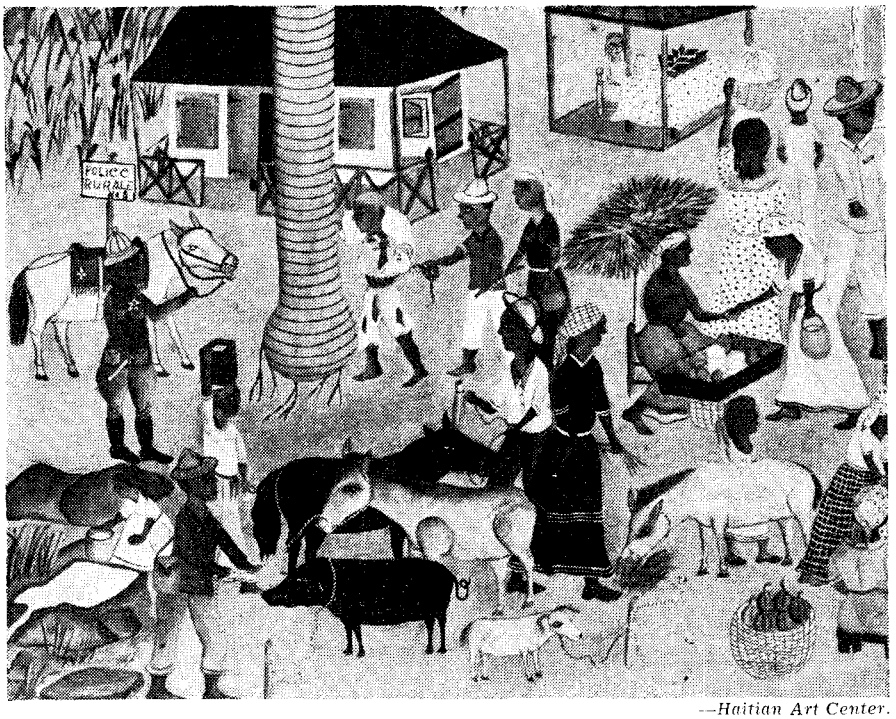
tury, the English that came to dominate their tongue. The ambiguous poetry that grew out of this conglomeration of languages cannot be described in terms of anything else:

I went to Donkey-City
To circumcize my body,
And on the way I met
A donkey with a mule
And the mule said to the donkey,
Saga-Boy don't you tarry behind me.
Donkey, whoa!
Take care of my junior commando!

The sort of independence and devilish élan that gives rise to such self-expression is to be found in Haiti—the other great repository of West Indian creativeness—but there it asserts itself not only in song but in religious ceremonial, the dance, mask-making, painting. It is significant that Generalissimo Trujillo, the dictator of the Dominican Republic, which is a comparatively wealthy but esthetically sterile country sharing the same island as Haiti, has banned the wearing of masks at Mardi Gras. In Jamaica there is no such overt repression, and one does not have the constant feeling that any deviation from the norm will be interpreted by the police as subversive, but all the excess energy of native life seems to take political form. Since serfdom was abolished without a revolution, the escaped slaves (maroons) were permitted to languish in their mountain fastnesses, and to this day in Accompong their meek descendants are ruled by their own "king," a state of affairs which has encouraged a kind of tolerated independence, eccentric and isolated and bland and wholly in keeping with the benevolent despotism of the British Crown. The Rastafari, a sect of passionately anti-white religious fanatics, are similarly permitted to hold sway on the Dunghill in Kingston, vying with Bedwinites, Balmists, Holy Rollers, Amalgamated Jews, Obeahmen, and Pocomaniacs for the lunatic fringe of the political warfare between His Majesty's perpetual opposition, Messrs. Bustamente and Manley.

If the esthetic phase of native life has suffered from politics to an even greater degree in Cuba and Puerto Rico, it is not for the same reasons. Disillusionment with venality, followed by cynicism, tended in both islands to make the intellectual class withdraw from popular movements, turning on the one hand to more sophisticated centers abroad for inspiration, and on the other to cultivating with a not altogether happy or healthy self-consciousness the vanishing sources of native primitive strength. Contemporary Cuban painting in consequence has never achieved any recognizable unity of style. Mario Carreño and Luis Martínez-Pedro have painted brilliantly within the limits of two phases of Picasso's exploration. Réné Portocarrero has built superbly decorative compositions out of Indian motives, and Wifredo Lam has similarly leaned on African sculpture to give the surrealist fantasies a tropical setting. Cundo Bermúdez has gravitated between Mexico City and Paris. And Amelia Peláez, though in some respects the most original of the group, has never carried her work beyond a personal version of cubism. It is the isolation of these gifted artists between a politically corrupted native populace and Havana's enormous plutocracy—too indifferent or vulgar in its tastes to support a single art gallery—that has driven them abroad for inspiration as well as for a market.




—Haitian Art Center.

"The Market" by Rigaud Benoit.

IT remains to be seen whether the genuinely democratic spirit engendered in Puerto Rico in the last few years under the leadership of Luis Munoz Marin will find expression in art. The background is not promising. Needlecraft and stylized figurines of the Three Kings (Santos) are the only native handicrafts. A popular artist of considerable talent, by the name of Migueroa, had been discovered by the Government agency established to stimulate crafts when I was in San Juan several years ago, but his painting was regarded as a curiosity and he was put to work with a class turning out conventional silk-screen prints.

Haiti, though the poorest of any of the West Indian countries and even more overpopulated than Puerto Rico, has been compensated with good fortune as regards the development of its creative talent. Through a combination of historical circumstances it managed to preserve intact, or almost intact, its African cultural heritage for two hundred years. Because governments to the present day have been wildly unstable and travel within the country hazardous, the primitive artists have been subjected to little conventional (bad) art. And finally the organization of Haiti's art and artists, when that did occur in 1946, was brought about not by the ruling caste with its provincial French taste but by an untypical American, DeWitt Peters, who had the good sense to encourage freedom of native expression.

The revolution of 1791 in St.-Domingue, like most violent uprisings, left a mixture of good and evil in its wake. The taste of freedom, tested against the repeated efforts of the Europeans to reconquer what was then the world's richest colony, grew into a fierce distrust of outlanders and a pride in things Haitian. But the years of bloodletting and pillage by local warlords induced also a reluctance to government of *any* sort. To this day most Haitians (peasants) are ignorant of or indifferent to what clique happens to be in power in the capital—provided they are left alone. *Vodun*, the African worship of spirits the secret practice of which had led to the overthrow of the French, continued in such favorable isolation to flourish. If *vodun* became curiously

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blended with Catholicism, it was with no loss of richness in ritual and iconography. And though the slaves had been forced in the eighteenth century to destroy their ceremonial sculptures and ornamented weapons, the genius that went into their making came down, fragmented perhaps, in the priest and his creative assistants. Drums to be carved and painted, temples to be erected and decorated, masks and magic dolls and ceremonial scepters and hex-signs on the *cailles*, to say nothing of the symbolic invocations of the *loas* drawn miraculously with flour on the earthen dance-floor in neo-Masonic abstraction, or of the high arts of drumming, dancing, and poetic invocation themselves—all this creative activity continues unabated throughout the mountainous countryside today, and most furiously where most mountainous.

No wonder that when formal painting was given encouragement and a market in 1946 it transpired that artists were waiting, as it were, to be born; that no two painted alike yet all within the same frame of reference; that inhibitions of scale, perspective, and decorum were non-existent.

If the Centre d'Art had been able to set up shop throughout the country as it did in Port-au-Prince there is no telling how many first-rate painters would have responded. Focused as it was in the capital, the nexus of tourism, politics, and synthetic taste, it is remarkable enough that a half dozen painters proved strong enough to resist these blandishments and turn their primitive innocence into mature artistry.

As co-director of the Centre d'Art in 1949 it was my privilege to launch an experiment in mural painting and to direct in the subsequent two years the decoration of the Cathedral St.-Trinité in Port-au-Prince. This is not the place to discuss the problems and accomplishments of Wilson Bigaud, Philomé Obin, Castera Bazile, Rigaud Benoit, Préfèt DeFaut, Toussaint Auguste, and the other master painters whose art fully realized itself on those walls, but a few general observations are in order.

IF modern art has taught us nothing else it has taught us that the child has an innate capacity to see life freshly and to transpose, given the tools and the incentive, those observations to paper or wood in a series of shortcut symbols which are the essence of the artistic process. The mature artist, who dwells in the world of photographic realism and advertising romanticism, must rediscover this shorthand; the process may be long and painful, and often it is thwarted. The primitive artist, unlike the child, can use this language to express the emotions and religious devotion of a grown-up. But, like the sophisticated artist, he must learn to discipline, select, and reject as he matures and faces ever more complex esthetic problems. And it is here that the primitive artist, with his lack of education and vulnerability to alien influence, generally falters. Of the original group of Haitian painters at least half, some with the benefit of scholarships abroad, have attempted to assimilate the styles of France, Mexico, and Cuba, but hardly one of them has managed to progress beyond a decorative mannerism.

The fact that Haiti, which had produced no painting of quality in its history, produced enough in ten years to fill a dozen galleries and overflow on twenty walls, raises a question. Could what happened in Haiti happen anywhere else? Specifically, is the rest of the Caribbean doomed to remain no more than a picturesque playland (it is significant that Haiti has no beaches to attract tourists, and not a nightclub, movie theatre, or magazine rack outside the capital). The answer would seem to be that latent artists are everywhere until what we call "civilization" makes all but the fiercest of them shape-shy, color-blind, and tone-deaf. But if the time for widespread primitivism is running out—even in the Caribbean—there remains the opportunity for self-recognition. To work for a revival of basket-weaving or needlecraft in the West Indies is to set the clock back. But to help each of these amazingly unique and beautiful island communities to discover as Haiti did its own uniqueness and beauty—is that too much to hope for?

## *Frances Parkinson Keyes on Curaçao*

IMPRESSIONS of Curaçao? My first was one of color: the water reflects the sapphire of the sky, the hills are emerald bright, the houses which dot the hills and line the streets are amber and turquoise and jade green. The flower gardens and the sailboat markets are no less striking and variegated as to hue. Yet all these colors have a harmony; if one were lacking you would miss it. They belong.

My second impression was one of quaintness. This is a much-abused word, but in speaking of Curaçao, it can be used without abuse. The multi-colored houses, the laden sailboats, the slitlike shops, the ancient forts and sturdy spires—all are quaint.

It has always been a quaint custom to call the pontoon bridge, at the entrance to Willemstad Harbor, Queen Emma and not the Queen Emma Bridge. But she gains—heaven forbid that we should say *it* gains!—in prestige through this custom.

My third impression was one of enchantment. Admittedly, a Planter's Punch, blended to a perfection which it never achieves except in the West Indies, may have stimulated this impression; so may a shopping tour through the narrow streets where merchandise has been developed into a fine art and where the bazaars are filled with those wares which, from time immemorial, women have found irresistible—silks and embroideries, perfumes and jewels. But the impression really did not need stimulation; it was not only immediate, it has been lasting.

I might be sure it was immediate, but for nearly three years now, I have been longing to get back to Curaçao! And, upon reflection, I realize that it takes more than an impression to create such a yearning: it takes a conviction!

**Gems from the Guidebook:** Because of the low import duty, Curaçao is the cruise ship's delight . . . . booze, watches, Oriental dust collectors, French perfume, Delft porcelain, British dishware, and yardgoods all carry 1932 price tags. . . . The currency is the guilder, for the sovereignty is Dutch. . . . Willemstad looks it, too, with its fanciful roofs and colored fronts to remind the displaced Dutch of Amsterdam. . . . It's clean, what's more. . . . The population is a mix of everything, and some storekeepers and cab drivers are not as ethical as the Dutch. . . . All the above goes just as well for the neighboring Dutch isle of Aruba which has colorful houses and good shopping, and a three-mile beach as well. It is also in the oil business. . . . KLM will have you in the NWI in six hours from Miami, four hours from Kingston, and BWIA and Chicago and Southern come in from Jamaica too. Pan-Am has two-and-a-half hour service from San Juan. And, of course, there are the cruise ships (see chart) which will stuff your booty in the hold. —H. S.

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# Rum

# Early American Drink Recipes ~ Delicious with Puerto Rican Rum

### *Original Early American* HIGHBALL

*For a Dry Highball*

1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum. Add water or soda, ice, lemon twist or dash of Angostura.

*For a Sweet Highball*

1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum. Add ginger ale or cola, ice, juice of ½ lemon or lime.

America's original highball was Rum and spring water. Today, choice, light-bodied Puerto Rican Rum makes history's finest highball better than ever.

### DAIQUIRI

*Juice of ½ lime*
1 tsp. sugar
1½ oz. white Puerto Rican Rum

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Enjoy the world's most famous rum cocktail, made with the world's finest rums.

### RUM SOUR

Juice of 1 lemon
1 tsp. sugar
1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into chilled glass and garnish with orange slice and cherry.

The result is a glassful of history. For "Rum Sowrings" were enjoyed in America before George Washington was born.

### RUM & MAPLE

1 tsp. Maple Syrup
1 dash Angostura bitters
Splash of water
1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum

Simply add cube ice, stir and top with a twist of lemon peel. A drink similar to this was famous in New England before the Revolution.

### SHOPPING GUIDE:

For assurance of the best in Rum, look for the mark "PUERTO RICAN RUM" on the label. This means that the Rum has the maturity required by law—distilled, aged and bottled in Puerto Rico. Your dealer has an excellent selection of Puerto Rican Rum brands. Choose your favorite.

### TOM & JERRY

Into the beaten yolk of 1 egg, work 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. Allspice, 2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum, beating until smooth and thick. Beat egg white separately to stiff froth and add to above mixture, stirring well.

Put this mixture into a preheated mug, fill with hot milk or boiling water and dust with nutmeg. History's all-time greatest Winter Warmer.

### HOT BUTTERED RUM

1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum
1 tsp. sugar
1 slice lemon studded with 6 cloves
1 stick cinnamon and pinch of nutmeg

Place in preheated mug or Old Fashioned glass, fill with boiling water, and drop in generous gob of butter. Carefully float a flaming tablespoon of Rum on top.

### RUM FLIP

2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum
1 whole egg
1 tsp. sugar

Shake well with crushed ice, strain into glass and top with nutmeg. When Rum Flip was made in quantity, early Americans called it "Yard of Flannel," which it resembled when tossed back and forth from one pitcher to another.

### HOT RUM TODDY

1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum
1 tsp. sugar
Lemon slice, 4 cloves
Cinnamon stick

Dissolve sugar in 1 oz. hot water in mug or glass. Add Rum, clove-studded lemon slice. Fill with 4 oz. boiling water, add cinnamon stick.

### DAIQUIRI PUNCH

***"Cocktails-in-a-bowl"* (*serves 18*)**

1 fifth of light Puerto Rican Rum
Juice of 9 lemons or limes
6 tbsp. sugar

Stir vigorously and pour over ice cubes in a punch bowl. Stir again and serve in cocktail glasses.

Why be a pantry slave at your own party? "Cocktails-in-a-Bowl" let you stay with your guests and enjoy yourself.

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# *Many Islands, Much Music*

HAROLD COURLANDER

WHEN Columbus stepped ashore in Haiti four hundred sixty years ago the islands that came to be known as the West Indies were populated with Arawak and Carib Indians. By the year 1510 the Arawaks of Haiti, decimated and defeated by slavery, had almost disappeared, and the first African slave cargoes had arrived. These eighteen years began a great political and cultural ferment which has not yet ended. From Europe came English, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Danish colonists. From Nigeria, Gold Coast, Dahomey, the Congo, and Angola came an endless flow of Africans of high birth and low. From India and Java came indentured laborers. These peoples, with the overwhelmed indigenous Indian populations, contributed in varying and complicated ways to the culture and destiny of the Caribbean..

All of them brought with them their musical traditions and techniques. Each group preserved something of its own ways, while at the same time learning and accepting other values. By the middle of this century the rumbas of Cuba had drawn on the classical Chinese theatre for inspiration; Haitian villagers danced their own interpretation of the Charleston while at the same time mountain peasants twenty miles away were dancing the minuet; and cafe pianists in Trinidad and Jamaica were crossing British music hall with African-style ridicule songs. At the same time that this prolific interchange was going on, people in Cuba and Puerto Rico were singing old Iberian songs and dancing old Iberian dances; in Haiti, Cuba, Trinidad, and on the mainland coast to the south people were singing and dancing in the style of West Africa; in Martinique, Trinidad, and the Guianas, Hindu dancers danced to the rhythms of East Indian *tabla* drums; and in Surinam young Javanese learned from the old the ancient traditions of the gamelan.

This great profusion of cultures is still fermenting throughout the West Indies. But excepting only a few of the islands, the basic understructure of all West Indian music is the African tradition. And there is no island of any size in the Caribbean in which African music has not played a part.

Folk music traditions of Cuba are predominantly Spanish and African. Sometimes these traditions go their separate ways, but they have met in thousands of combinations to produce music that we readily identify as Cuban. Drawing heavily on the folk music of the countryside, Cuban composers have produced national dance forms such as the conga and the rumba which have made a deep impression on other Caribbean islands and on the North American mainland.

The *puntos* are songs that were born in the open air and became part of the Cuban landscape. They were sung in responsive fashion across the tobacco and cane fields. One man sang one stanza and another replied. The themes were love, history, and epic events. The circumstances of the *punto's* origin (or at least its application in Cuba) has produced an extremely forceful, throaty singing style that is inseparable from the lyrics. It persists even where the *punto* has come indoors. When sung informally in the house or for public entertainment, the *punto* is accompanied by a *seis* or other guitar. The popularity of the *punto* is very great. It can still be heard on Cuban radio programs—sung in good voice, but usually lacking the vigor of the *punto* in its natural setting.

Probably one of the most interesting islands musically is Haiti. Singing and dancing are a vital part of work, religious ritual, local gossip, commerce, and festivals. The country is predominantly Catholic, yet most Haitians at some point, at least, are in touch with West African beliefs generically called *vodun*—the word which in the United States has been corrupted into voodoo. However, *vodun* is not voodoo. It is a fusion of a number of West African religious systems, plus related concepts not essentially religious but dealing with the world of the supernatural, plus intrusions of Catholic belief and European superstition and folklore. In its more specific and limited sense, *vodun* refers to the religious rites and activities of the Arada or Dahomey cult—its dances, songs, ceremonies, and its supernatural world.

—*Earl Leaf.*

A voodoo priestess dancing above the fire in an hypnotic trance.

Drumming, singing, and dancing are traditional. Though innovation and change have occurred during the years, *vodun* in spirit remains faithful to the past.

TRAVEL literature that has represented Haitian religious dancing as licentious has been either naive or unscrupulous. Sex themes do enter ritual dance on occasion, nonetheless. Legba, the first of the *loa* or deities to be supplicated in most *vodun* services, is the guardian of the crossroads and the procreative spirit. A person "mounted" or possessed by Legba may enact dance movements which could not pass the New York Board of Censors. And the *loa* Guedé, the "dead" spirit who taunts the living and flaunts propriety may in humor or derision cause a dancer to depict sexual motions. But these cases have a deep inner significance in the total social picture, and they are not regarded as obscene.

What the casual week-end tourist is most likely to seen in the environs of Port-au-Prince is a secular good-time dance—perhaps the Pinyique—or semi-secular dances such as the Juoa or Martinique. Occasionally a pantomimic war dance may be seen, or an acrobatic dance in which the performers do everything upside down, standing on their heads.

The *meringue*—Haiti's national ballroom dance—has gone through a number of transmutations to get where it is today. Once it was a social dance of the elite. Evolving in several directions at once, it became a social dance of the country people and background music of the salon. The French melodic line persisted throughout. And even today when jazz has deeply penetrated the *meringue*, its character is mainly French. The *meringue*

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*Harold Courlander has recorded folk music throughout the Caribbean area and is author of "Haiti Singing" and other books on the West Indies.*

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is danced in the mountain villages to drums, *marimbulas,* and guitars. In the cities it is danced to orchestras including woodwinds, brass, and strings. Here and there, by luck, you may hear the salon Meringue of yesterday, played perhaps on a piano. In Port-au-Prince the outstanding guardian of this tradition today is a pianist and composer named Fabre Duroseau.

The Dominican Republic, occupying the eastern two-thirds of the island of Haiti, has Spanish rather than French cultural ties. Its Negro population is smaller than Haiti's, and African influences are less conspicuous. The Dominican Republic has taken over a great deal of the music of Cuba, but it has its own national dance, the *merengue,* not to be confused with Haiti's *meringue.* A clog or tapping dance by the name of *zapateado* is a relative of the *zapateo* of Cuba, the two probably having a common ancestry. In areas of heavy Negro concentration there are dances and songs with African antecedents, but they have not been accepted (contrary to the case in Haiti, Trinidad, and Cuba) as "proper" by the upper classes.

TRINIDAD, southernmost of the West Indian islands, has become famous for its calypso singers and its steel bands. Just where and how both of them began—in Trinidad or elsewhere—could be a long-term scholarly preoccupation. But it was unquestionably the folk singers and musicians of Trinidad who made calypso and the steel band what they are today.

In its modern form the calypso song is a commentary on politics, personalities, or current events. Calypso singing outside Trinidad, and some of the other islands where it is traditional, has the well-rehearsed, polished format of such favorites as "Rum and Coca Cola," "Out de Fiah," "Donkey Wants Watah," "Always Marry a Pretty Woman" (or "An Ugly Woman," as the singer may prefer), "Matilda," and so on. The phonograph record has given calypso a buffed-up shine that belies its folk origins.

It is in the particular style of delivery that calypso singing is unique. The use of archaic and synthetic words, the cramming of many syllables into small space, the importance of rhyming and the free conception of rhyme, all these are characteristic. Once there was a great deal more musical variety in calypso than today. But the spectacular calypso competitions in Port of Spain, with the same orchestra supporting the contenders with more or less standard music, have tended to "freeze" the musical form. In out of the way places you may surprisingly come upon more varied calypso themes than are indicated on available phonograph records.

The Port of Spain competitions during Carnival days have given birth to many of the songs that have become popular inside Trinidad and out. Topical in nature, many of the old—and good—calypso songs are gone and forgotten. But calypso is being imitated on a wide scale—often badly—in the United States, Europe, and in the coastal towns of West Africa.

Puerto Rico, like the Dominican Republic, is strong in Spanish tradition, though in several areas of the island African rhythm, melody, and dance patterns survive. The *bomba* is the best known of the African-style dances, and it is here that Puerto Rican drum rhythms are at their best. The *plena,* Puerto Rico's social criticism song, is also of Negro origin, as, probably, is the music of the *baquine,* a wake held for a child. In the Spanish tradition there are the *decimas*—ballad-like songs often taking the form of obituary eulogies; the *chorreo,* a country dance; and the *aguinaldos,* Puerto Rico's Christmas carols.

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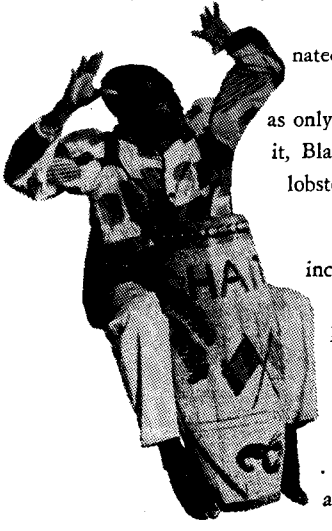

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the Cockpit Country, where the so-called Maroons maintain their legend of local autonomy. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there were a series of slave revolts. Some of the slaves escaped the island in canoes, others were deported back to West Africa, and still others made their way into the hills. Descendants of the escaped slaves, or Maroons, still live in the Cockpit Country. Folklorists have beaten a trail to the town of Accompong in recent years to see the old Koromantee dances, but without much luck. Only remnants remain. The old African dances have ceased to have social meaning. But in Accompong you may nevertheless see a a good Quadrille or Polka.

Jamaica, like Barbados and the Virgin Islands, has rather diffuse, universal West Indian musical characteristics. In fact, it might be said that despite each island's feeling its music is unique, there is similarity rather than difference. What passes for a meringue in Haiti may be called a rumba in the Bahamas. Carnival activities, differing in details, are conspicuous in similarities. Tangos, rumbas, sambas, and mambos may be heard anywhere in the islands—with words in English, Spanish, French, or Creole. The similarities are most pronounced in the popular cafe and ballroom dances and songs, which seem to travel through the Caribbean as fast as plane traffic. The old folk music is in a sense the common property of all the islands, though more easily found in one place than another.

One thing about the West Indies, though. There's always something very new or something very old that nobody else has discovered. Maybe you'll be the one to do it.

## SOME ENCHANTED ISLANDS

(*Continued from page* 46)

is some of the shocking-pink-and-black, Lord and Taylorish atmosphere that denotes modern, American chichi. So, shops are named The Peppermint Stick, The Donk Shop, The Spanish Main, and Elverhoj. Some serve soup-and-sandwich luncheons over quaint bars for visitors off cruise ships who have come to buy native market dresses, low-cost Danish silver, Swedish glass, French gloves, and all kinds of liquor, which in the free port of St. Thomas sells for fantastically low prices. One shops, for example, in the picturesque confines of Baretta Center which has three offshoots—Hibiscus Alley, Orchid Row, and Jasmine Lane, all converted warehouses painted new in gay colors and crawling with tropical flowers. The best brands of Scotch are $2.50 the fifth, the cognac is cheaper than in Paris, cigarettes are twelve cents (seven in St. Croix), and perfume is 40 per cent less than in the U. S.

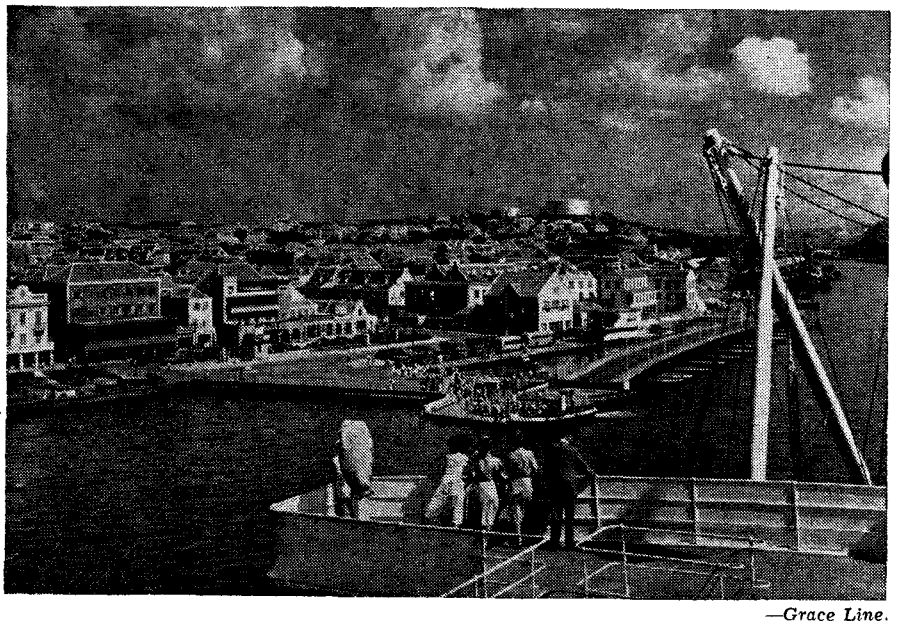
The accommodations on St. Thomas vary from big, tropical hotels the likes of the Virgin Isle, to intimate guest houses of, say, Smith's Fancy. The Virgin Isle is a mammoth and beautiful resort equipped with a balcony for every room, an air-conditioned bar, dining room, and nightclub. Carved out of a hilltop, and sitting above the town of Charlotte Amalie, the V.I., as it is locally known, has tennis courts, swimming pool, a breakfast patio, and, from almost everywhere except the wine cellar, an unbelievable view of the roof tops of town and the sugar loafs that sit in the adjoining sea. After December 15 things start at $37 for two, including everything save lunch.

Guest houses like Smith's Fancy take perhaps a dozen visitors, offer a full American plan for $12 a day per person. All the hotels and guest houses will see that you get out to Morning Star Beach and to a magnificent sand horseshoe called Magen's Bay. You drive up over the hills, past screaming orange, flamboyant trees, through a preserve of land-crab marshes, and emerge at last on a spotless beach fringed with sea-grape trees. Here you swim far from civilization and soda-pop signs, refreshing yourself with the water of a green coconut sold on the beach for a dime.

On winter nights the island shakes with the show at the Caribbean Hotel, with the juke boxes at boîtes called the Mahogany and the Hideaway. The Frangi Pani Room of the Virgin Isle seems to have taken a lifetime lien on the services of a local monument of talent named Mac McLevity. Mr. McLevity peddles calypso in his handmade, mad costumes, and is noted for the plaintive *lied* of a market lady who entreats a customer thus:

> Please don' squeeze my tomatoes
> If you must squeeze something
> Squeeze the potatoes.

Although the language of the Virgins is English, spoken with the accent on the final syllable by all native islanders except a colony of French chachas, it is amazing the amount of Spanish that finds its way over from Puerto Rico. It is a custom of St. Thomas cab drivers, who speak only local English, to listen each afternoon to the Spanish language broadcasts of the baseball games from San Juan. During the winter the radio sings with a live account of the Puerto Rican teams. Spring to fall, however, it is a manufactured play-by-play of the U.S. big leagues received in San Juan by tape from New York and manufactured into what sounds like an eye-witness account rendered in an amalgam of Spanish and American baseball idiom. "Dos outs," the announcer calls, followed by a string of Spanish. When the teletype indicates a hit he strikes two pieces of wood together, shouts "Pow!" while the engineer brings up the recorded crowd noises. Puerto Rican baseball broadcasts are not only intelligible to the unilingual



—*Grace Line.*

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taximen but, as my driver told me, they have more "goose-toe."

Although there is a large Spanish speaking population on St. Croix, forty miles off, no one could care less over there about the Pow-loaded kilocycles. While St. Thomas grows shops and hotels and cultivates tourists, St. Croix is interested in sugar cane, and visitors come after that. The stone towers of windmills which ground the cane before the steam age still dot the island, and one at the Comanche Club has been transformed into a honeymoon cottage.

The island has a large and scenic population of ample-sized colored ladies who tie up their heads with broad bandannas and then plop a straw hat on top. Although the island's name is French, the accepted pronunciation is "Saint Croy," a bastardization effected by the U. S. Marines who had trouble, when they arrived in World War I, with Gallic intonations. Those who come down from the U. S. are known as Continentals. Those of the island are Cruzans, the "i" having long ago been dropped when an artist making labels for Cruzian Rum left it out by mistake. The investment in the labels was heavier than the Cruzans' addiction to faultlessness.

The Buccaneer, a lovely new hotel for sixty guests commands a magnificent location above the harbor with handy swimming in the sea. It likes to take its guests lobstering at night, organizes picnics on the beach, has a tennis court and horses.

St. Croix's other large inn is the Hotel on the Cay (they say "key"), so called because it sits some yards offshore and must be reached by rowboat. Winter rates run about $12 to $18 in the hotels, straight American plan, slightly less in the guest houses which are sprinkled all over the island.

For those in search of even deeper peace there is, as I say, St. John, forty minutes by boat from St. Thomas. There are two tourist developments on St. John, Caneel Bay and Trunk Bay, both of which offer rooms or cottages hard by the sea. After you've eaten a turtle steak and seen the wading sea garden there isn't much left to do except lie in the sun, swim, and contemplate those less fortunate.

In the matter of getting there, Pan American flies Constellations to San Juan in six and half hours from New York, five hours from Miami, and it has twice-a-week speedy Convair service out of St. Juan to St. Thomas, St. Croix, and on to Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Trinidad. Eastern Airlines also flies as far as San Juan, the Bull Lines gets there in comfort by ship, and should you want merely to stop in, any number of cruises put in at San Juan and St. Thomas. Caribair bounds back and forth between Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands like a bi-motored shuttlecock.

**WHERE THE BEEWEE BEGINS:** Barbados is a sugar-coated pear sitting aloof of the other islands, on the eastern bleachers that look down on the Caribbean Sea. Its neighbors which lie in an otherwise orderly string were offspring of volcanoes, but Barbados was created out of the coral of the sea, and perhaps even among islands there are social distinctions.

Somewhere after sugar, molasses, and rum, the tourists become a consideration. The island is all but surrounded by beaches and by flying fish, a phenomenon that results in an inescapable diet of fried flying fish and f.f. pie. For those who sail into the roadstead on the winter cruise ships, the waterfront is the most exciting of the Caribbean. A forest of masts and rigging grow out of the inter-island schooners that lie in the Careenage, an inland harbor split by the Britannic facade of the stone Chamberlain Bridge. Colored harbor police in middies, skimmers, and high-laced sailor pants, a uniform worn by Nelson's men, patrol in a longboat. Sweating stevedores unload mahogany logs brought from neighboring islands, for Barbados has no wood. Sliding among the men comes a dark lady and atop her head is a can with a spigot. "Mawby!" she cries, "Mawby! Who's callin' me?" Holding a glass she pours a steady stream of mawby, a bitter spiced tea brewed from a local bark.

Another refreshment is the juice of fresh-cut cane, called "hot liquor," a dangerous name for an innocuous bellywash. In months blessed with an "r" there is also the call of "Seeeee Ayigs!," for sea eggs are the local term for sea urchins, a porcupine ball which is steamed and fried and eaten for breakfast. It is against the law to sell sea eggs in months bereft of "r's," but a bootleg business thrives and the ladies who run the eggs carry covered trays on their heads and refer to their product only as "dem tings."

Get out a little from Bridgeton and there are the red buses with the open side, some owned by My Lord's Hill Bus Company, and the bakery carts shaped like a little house which carrry Bread and Cakes to each door. The local homes are simple and alike, as if designed by a child with building blocks. Cricket games spring up on a pitch by the side of the sea, passersby

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park their English bicycles on the curbstone to watch, and the scene is England done in blackface.

Aside from its singularities, Barbados is also about the cheapest island this side of Majorca, and since it is both British and West Indian, its unit of currency is the British West Indian dollar. I had better explain about that before we get in any deeper. One dollar U.S. is equal to $1.70, B.W.I., known as beewee. However, this refers only to dollar bills, for a dollar in U.S. silver is only worth $1.55 beewee, and indeed may only net you $1.20 beewee in the shops. On the other hand, a beewee dollar is broken down on a British structure and equals seven beewee shillings (one shilling equals twenty-four beewee cents except there is no such thing as cents), plus one beewee penny (worth two imag-

## *Kenneth Roberts on Haiti*

WE were two weeks making that voyage between two worlds—that almost unbelievable miracle which changed the ice, cold, and bleakness of New England to the searing sunlight, the deep blue water, the drifting golden gulfweed, the skittering flying-fish, the billowing clouds, and the palm-fringed islands of the Caribbean. . . .

Hung high in the hot, transparent, pure air, was a blue, blue blade, a vast point unreal in its sharpness, unreal in that it was bluer than a sky already so deeply blue as to seem bluer than anything on heaven or earth. It was a mountain peak: one lone blue peak, I thought at first; and then I saw others and others and still others, towering pointed things, cocked at incredible and impossible angles. just as Columbus had said.

That night we saw lights gleaming at the foot of the mountains, and at dawn the scent of the island came out to us—a poignant perfume, soft and languorous, all-enveloping and heart-stirring.

When morning came I saw exactly what Columbus had seen and faithfully described: tumbled purple mountains; misty blue peaks stabbing up out of rich forests; velvety plantations draped opulently over green savannahs; lush valleys slashed as if by giant axes through cliffs carved by Cyclopean chisels into battlements and castles. . . .

Haiti is like the back of a man's right hand when he holds it before his face, forefinger and little finger extended to the left, the two middle fingers folded against the palm, and the thumb pressed out of sight against the hidden fingers. The knuckles are the dividing-line between the French part of the island and the Spanish part. The space between the two fingers is the seventy-mile wide, pale green, pale blue Bight of Léogane. The extended little finger, almost touching the outstretched nose of Cuba, is the Great North Plain, with the capital city of Cap François (Cape Haitien) at the upper edge of the large joint.

The shorter depression between the down-folded middle fingers is the valley of the Artibonite, walled by mountain chains whose names are as fantastic as their shapes. At the base of the index finger, where it joins the down-folded second finger, is Port-au-Prince, a hundred miles south of Cap François across a stormy sea of mountains. And between the knuckle and the first joint of the outstretched index finger are the rich sugar, rum, and coffee sections of Léogane, Jacmel, and the Cul de Sac.

*(Selected personally by the author from his novel "Lydia Bailey.")*

**Gems from the Guidebook:** Haiti is to look at, to listen to, and to feel. . . . Don't go there for luxury resort life, there are no handy beaches. . . . Do go to see the market at Port-au-Prince, to take the ride up the mountains through flower plantations and have lunch in the clouds at Le Refuge, fly over the famed Citadelle in an air-force plane or climb it on a burro if you're indestructible. . . . Buy mahogany salad bowls, book ends, trays, carved heads at the best Caribbean prices, also sisal handbags and shoes. . . . Stay at El Rancho if you want it fancy, Ibo Lélé for the charm and view, both in the mountains (both have pools). . . . Stay at the Thorland Club outside town for the people, the tennis courts, the mountain-fed pool. . . . Watch the *meringue* at the Cabane Choucoune, especially Saturday nights. . . . Listen to the drums roll out of the hills anytime. . . . The language is French, the government is an independent republic, the currency is the gourd, the atmosphere exciting.

—H. S.

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inary beewee cents). Have I lost you, Hjalmar?

The hotels on Barbados have a habit of being old and sometimes stuffy, although I wouldn't say that for all twelve of them. It is a rare one that has hot water and I *would* say that for all twelve of them. The best of the island's accommodations seem to be its residential clubs, a legal term designed to permit the owner to close his doors to such island trade as he chooses not to serve. There are also twelve of these, among them the Coral Reef Club, a new and handsome layout with fourteen rooms in an assortment of white coral bungalows set amid banana trees, palms, and frangi pani at the edge of a curved sand beach. This kind of living comes to $18 to $25 beewee, or less than $11 a day and up per person with food and hot water.

Maresol, a new housekeeping apartment colony, offers a living room, bedroom, kitchen, bath, and terrace for $175 a month B.W.I. currency, and for $8 a week, B.W.I., you can have a maid. That makes $4.80, your money, mother.

The difficulty with Barbados—after all, let's not make this too easy—is its inaccessibility. British West Indian Airways flies from San Juan with one stop in four hours or they will pick you up from Pan American in Antigua if you can wangle a seat, or they will fly you up from Trinidad in a comfortable Viking in an hour and a half. TCA flies down via Montreal and Bermuda. For cruise passengers the shopping simply isn't up to St. Thomas, Bermuda, Nassau, Curaçao, or Trinidad, and I would save my kitty for those ports.

**CRUSOE AND KITTLE BOOMS:** Trinidad rode to North American fame on the off-beat shuffle of the calypso, a type of song with lyrics that were antiseptic as Sunday school if you examined them and suggestive as Boccaccio if you didn't. Port of Spain, which is the capital, is a handy sort of Hong Kong, for Trinidadians are Chinese and Negro, East Indian and British, French and Portuguese, not to mention the mixtures that evolve when love steps over lines of national origin and race.

It is not uncommon to see an East Indian woman in a sari on her way to town with a basket on her head, West Indian style, hawking, "Melongene and patchboy!" The former is the creole for eggplant, the latter means Chinese cabbage.

Black police in white pith helmets and blue short pants keep the traffic moving past the Chinese merchants, past the coconut cart pulled by a donkey and operated by a lad whacking husks off with a machete, and above everything through a loud speaker floats the music of Jingle Bells, calypso version.

Trinidad is a paradise for the cruise passenger, for its prices on French perfumes, Swiss watches, English tweeds and chinaware are said to be lower than that bargain basement of the Caribbean, Curaçao. (Arpège is $15 beewee, the ounce.) Its Indian bazaars have fascinating collections of scarves from Benares, necklaces, bracelets, brassware, ivory figures, embroidered bags all imported from the homeland. Says Armoogam and Sons, "Shop Here and Save a Trip to the Orient."

For the cruise ship parties, too, there will be calypso music and steel-band music, which though they grow in Trinidad are difficult for the individual traveler to hear. Although all shades of Trinidadians play in the steel bands, the music began with the Negro. When it became unlawful to beat on drums, the Negroes beat on bamboo and made bamboo-tamboo music, but they also used the sticks to beat on each other and the cops stepped in again. Finally from garbage cans and old brake drums came the steel band. Oil drums are used exclusively now and depending upon their size have names like ping pongs, piano pans, and kittle booms. The drums produce anything from boogie-woogie to Beethoven's Fifth.

To house the tourist bewitched by the wonders of Trinidad, the island has only the Queens Park Hotel, which enjoys a frightening reputation, far and wide. Probably the best room and bath in the Caribbean can be had, however, at the Piarco Guest House run by Pan American at the airport. Many of the rooms are air-conditioned, the service is crisp and East Indian, there is no tipping, the glasses are wrapped in cellophane, there is hot and cold water and showers, and fifteen minutes after your morning call the boy arrives automatically at your

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door with complimentary coffee and orange juice. About the same set-up is offered by the adjoining Bel Air Hotel, but the only hitch is that the airport is eighteen miles from town, and a cab costs $5, B.W.I.

For those who have come to collapse, Trinidad's best offering is its neighboring isle of Tobago, twenty minutes away by B.W.I.A. Tobago is the Robinson Crusoe island, is twenty-six miles long, seven miles wide, and is all but covered with vast palm forests. Blue Haven is a delightful inn built since the war by Commander John Crook who was on duty in Trinidad with the Fleet Air Arm during the fracas. He chucked London and a seat on the exchange, built the hotel at the edge of a beach, now has room for fifty. On energetic mornings he takes parties on a ride through a palm forest to a clearing by the sea, puts his outboard motor on a skiff, takes everyone chugging two miles out to Buckoo Reef. Here you don a glass mask, breathe through a snorkel tube, and walk in coral gardens between angel fish, parrot fish, neon tetras, white fish with yellow stripes, black fish with white dots. Back in the boat the Commander shakes everybody back to reality with an iced Reef Restorer. Blue Haven gets $15 a day, B.W.I., in winter, $5 B.W.I. for the Buckoo Reef excursion.

There are excursions also to Bird of Paradise Island on Little Tobago, the only sanctuary for the plumey birds this side of New Guinea. At night there is a gay and strangely sophisticated piano at the Robinson Crusoe Hotel in the hands of Kurt Nothnagel, who is also the manager. The island rum is twenty-five cents, the whiskey fifty-four cents, and "aerated sweet drinks," or soda pop, twelve cents, but this is beewee again so take forty per cent off for American prices.

If anyone ever wants to get back to New York, it is twenty minutes back to Trinidad whence Pan American Boeings fly nonstop to Idlewild Airport in something like eight hours. A favorite airborne pastime is to loll away the time in the lower-deck bar, thumbing through Pan-Am's handy dictionary designed to help the Spanish-speaking South American find his way through the North American big city. It's all there phonetically, beginning with phrases needed for the cab driver such as, "Ai jav no che-inch." Or remembering the Spanish penchant making a j sound like wh, a lady is advised to say, "Juer is di biu-ti par-lor?" Once at the hotel, guidebook in hand, the Pan-Am passenger can be expected to step up to the clerk and say, "Ai guish ei sin-gel rum guiz baz."

Ai guish ei waz bek in To-bago.


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(Continued on page 66)

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# PERSONALS

(Continued from page 65)

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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 969

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

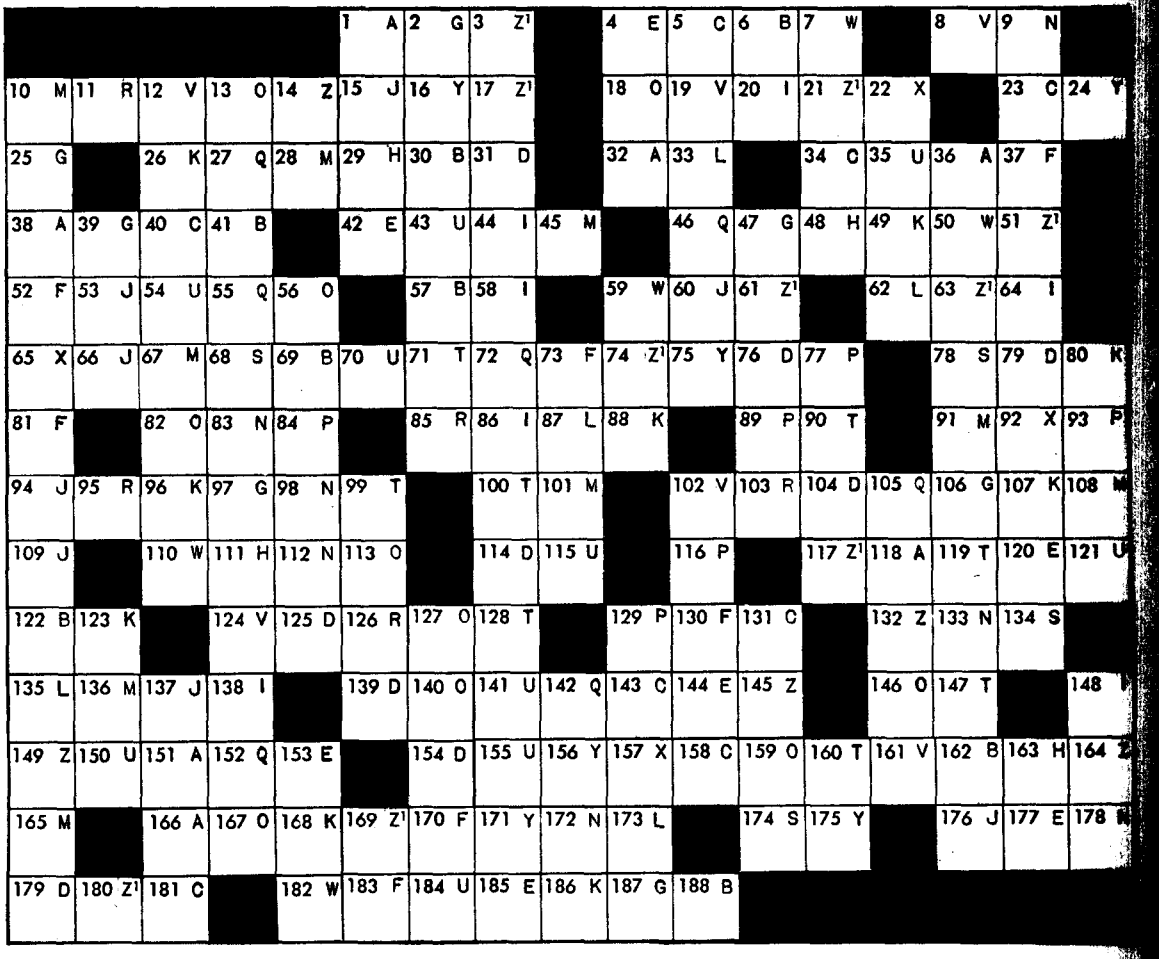
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. An old instrument of a bassoon kind (music). | 38 151 166 36 118 32 1 |
| B. A blood feud. | 69 30 162 188 6 41 57 122 |
| C. A Lewis Carroll word, between a snort and a laugh (past tense). | 158 23 40 181 34 131 143 5 |
| D. An instrument of eight strings (music). | 79 139 76 154 104 179 114 125 31 |
| E. A part of the "City" of Rome containing the Vatican. | 185 42 177 144 4 153 120 |
| F. Entwined; enfolded. | 37 183 130 73 52 81 170 |
| G. Virility. | 106 97 187 2 47 39 25 |
| H. After the manner of (Italian prep.). | 163 29 48 111 |
| I. Like a cruel tyrant, Emperor of Rome, 54-68 A. D. | 138 86 148 58 64 20 44 |
| J. Anything that ties or unites one thing or part to another. | 53 15 109 94 176 137 66 60 |
| K. Pomposity. | 107 80 26 123 186 96 168 49 88 |
| L. American pioneer (1735-1820). | 135 62 33 173 87 |
| M. Fettered. | 165 101 10 45 91 28 108 136 67 |
| N. The cost of floating and running logs. | 112 83 9 178 133 98 172 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| O. That is the result of careful consideration (comp.). | 146 167 140 18 56 82 113 13 127 159 |
| P. In India, a race into which Krishna was born. | 77 116 84 89 93 129 |
| Q. Appellation of a game of cards in which players bid to play a certain trump or no trump. | 27 72 46 142 152 105 55 |
| R. Figuratively, a tie, bond, or snare. | 95 11 126 85 103 |
| S. A minor character in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale". | 134 68 174 78 |
| T. Bound; shackled. | 128 100 90 160 147 119 99 71 |
| U. A disreputable tatterdemalion. | 121 35 184 43 150 54 115 155 70 141 |
| V. Broadly elliptical (bot.). | 161 102 12 8 19 124 |
| W. English-born political philosopher in America and France (1737-1809; "Common Sense"). | 110 7 59 50 182 |
| X. Woman in title of one of "The Idylls of the King". | 157 22 65 92 |
| Y. Palm fiber from Madagascar used in basketry, tying bundles, etc. | 171 16 156 175 75 24 |
| Z. Appellation Plato applied to Sappho, with "Muse." | 164 149 14 145 132 |
| Z¹. American shore birds allied to the greenshank. | 51 3 17 169 21 63 74 180 117 61 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fit it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue



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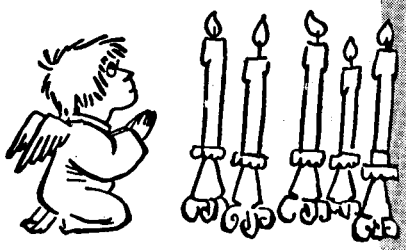

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